

A GENTLEMAN FROM FRANCE

AN AIREDALE HERO



CLARENCE HAWKES



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By

CLARENCE HAWKES

*Author of "Dapples of the Circus," "Pep, the Wilderness Dog," "Master Frisky," "Black Bruin,"
"The Trail to the Woods," "Piebald, King of Bronchos," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY
L. J. BRIDGMAN



BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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A Gentleman From France

Printed in U. S. A.

**Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
NORWOOD, MASS.**

APR -2 '24

©C1A777787

no 1



THEY GALLOPED AWAY.—Page 44.

*To every man, woman, and
child in the whole world who
loves a good dog, this book
is fraternally dedicated ::*

PREFACE

EVERY reader of this book will be interested to know that Pierre was a real dog. As real as bone and muscle, and dog intelligence could make him.

His American friends described in these pages were the author and his wife.

Pierre came to us one Sunday morning while we were at breakfast just as described. We saw at once that he was a gentleman, in hard circumstances, and so took him in.

During the few months that he was with us he wriggled his way into the very depths of our hearts, although he worried us greatly as well. When we finally said good-bye to him, it was with tears in our eyes.

His life story both before and after his visit with us I have had to conjecture, as several links in this history are missing.

For that reason I have not used the real name of Pierre's mistress.

About twelve years ago, one May morning, an actress's palatial private car rolled into the station at Northampton, Massachusetts, which is three miles from my home. The car stood on a siding in the meadow city for two days while the actress played an important engagement in the Northampton theatre, before a brilliant Smith College audience. The day after the car left, a notice appeared in one of the local papers advertising for one of the great lady's dogs, which it stated had run away while the actress had been in the city. So far as I know, there were no answers to the advertisement.

Several months later a friend from Northampton who happened to be calling upon us exclaimed when she saw Pierre:

“Why, where in the world did you get Madame B.’s dog?”

“He isn’t Madame’s dog,” I replied. “He’s just a tramp, although a very distinguished one. He came to us last May and has had the best the house afforded ever since.”

Then the friend told us of the actress’s loss, while in the city, and of the advertisement. She also said that she had seen the dog on the rear platform of the car, and the maid combing him. She had likewise seen him half an hour later in a lively dog fight in another part of the city. When she called the attention of a policeman to the identity of the dog, he only laughed and refused to arrest the run-

away, and that was why he was not recovered at the time.

Now the real name of the actress who played at Smith College on that occasion was Madame Sarah Bernhardt, but because some of the evidence establishing the fact that Pierre was her dog is missing, I have not used her name in the story. So with this incomplete pedigree of the Gentleman from France, I leave the reader to follow his fortunes to the happy end.

THE AUTHOR.

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MY DOG

Come in, old beggar whining at the door,
Come in, old chap, and lie upon the floor,
And rest your faithful head upon my knee,
And deem it joy to be alone with me;
My dear old dog, unto creation's end,
Of all the world thou art my truest friend.

Thou dost not ask if I be rich the while,
Or if my coat is shabby or in style,
Or if the critics call me small or great,
Whether my life be full of joy or hate,
Or if my purse be over-lean or fat,
All through and through, thou art a democrat.

Thou dost not ask that I be good to thee,
It is enough that thou dost care for me;
And if this hand could beat thee from my door,
Thou wouldst come back at night and whine
 once more
To lick the hand that made thy body smart,
And love me still, deep in thy doggish heart.

Thou dost not ask for dainty bread and meat
But lovest best the food I will not eat,
And sweet the bit, if looks I understand,
That thou canst eat from out thy master's hand,
And while wise men to thank the Lord may fail,
My dog says "Thank you," with his wagging
 tail.

And if my dog is sleeping in the hall,
I have no fear that danger will befall,
For thieves would find that passage doubly
 barred,
A truer soldier never mounted guard,
And lasting is a dog's fidelity
To those he loves, as man's can ever be.

What love is beaming in those two brown eyes,
When chidden, too, what sorrow in them lies,
And how they follow me from place to place,
As though they tried to read their master's face;
And how he springs and barks when I am glad,
How soon his tail will droop if I am sad!

And when I die, if friends forget to pine,
There'll be one faithful dog to howl and whine,
To bark impatient at my bedroom door,
To search the woodland and the meadow o'er,
And watch and whine for master who is late,
And die at last still waiting at the gate.

A GENTLEMAN FROM FRANCE

CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

OLD JEAN DUBOIS was a dog-lover. What he did not know about dogs was not to be found in the dog dictionary, or any other reliable dog book. He talked dog by day, ate "hot dog" for lunch, and dreamed dog all night long.

His canine friends were always scurrying between his legs, or jumping upon him; so he smelled of dog as well.

It was very laughable to see him come out of Hotel Bellevue in Rue Galilee and start down the street. This was a signal

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to all the dogs in the neighborhood that their friend and master was afoot; so they would come scurrying from every side-street and alley, yelping and barking, and nearly wagging their tails off with delight.

Finally the canine concourse would get so large that old Jean would have to send home a few of his friends to keep from being arrested as a dog nuisance.

A still more laughable sight was to see some grand madame promenading along the street with her favorite dog on the leash. Suddenly the beloved canine would begin to strain frantically upon the cord, and no word from his mistress would soothe him. At last he would break away with frantic yelps and make for old Jean Dubois, the dog man, whom he had espied coming up some side-street.

Old Jean had been in the French army

in his younger days, and his grandfather had been one of the Old Guard at Waterloo. So next to dogs, or perhaps even before them, but in a different way, he worshipped soldiers, and the memory of Napoleon, whom he liked to refer to as the "Little Corporal."

Many a heated argument old Jean had with his grandson, young Jean of the Alpine Chasseurs, as to the merits of the new French army and the men of Napoleon's day, with whom the elder Jean had fought.

Young Jean always concluded these arguments with the assertion that the Germans would never again thrash France as they had done in 1871, at which the old soldier would shake his head.

The defeat of the French under Louis Napoleon was a sore topic with the old

soldier, and his grandson reminded him of it only when sorely pressed.

Old Jean was as proud of the Alpine Chasseurs as was his grandson.

He always took part in their discussions when Jean's companions came to the stable to smoke and talk. Indeed they were a fine-looking lot in their gay uniforms and with their soldierly manners. Young Jean himself was as tall as a Lombardy poplar and handsome as any French gallant, or at least that was what his doting grandfather thought as he feasted his eyes upon him.

At Hotel Bellevue in Rue Galilee, where he was hostler, old Jean was allowed but one dog, and that was Nanette, an Airedale terrier.

But in the eyes of old Jean, Nanette was a dozen dogs in one. She was de-

scended from a famous English strain and had taken many blue ribbons in her day, but was now well past her prime, and for that reason had fallen into the possession of the little Frenchman.

She was a typical Airedale, with coarse, wiry coat, black above and tan beneath. She was tall and muscular, and could hold her own in any street scrimmage, no matter what the company. Her keen terrier eyes looked warily out from under shaggy brows, always appraising one critically. Her ears were cocked with a slight droop at the tip, as though continually listening; this combination with the hairy face, gave her a quizzical look. As old Jean said, she always weighed you in the balance before making friends.

One day in early spring, about six months before my story, Nanette ran away

and made the acquaintance of Pierre Beaufort, a celebrated Airedale Champion at a neighboring hotel. This meeting had been one of many, and very familiar relations were soon established.

Old Jean knew nothing of all this, for he had been busy in the garden at the time, and absorbed by rumors of war. So his astonishment can well be imagined when he found Nanette one morning in a manger licking a newly born Airedale puppy.

There was but one in the litter, because of Nanette's age, but old Jean was delighted. He laughed and cried and hugged the old Airedale until she was the happiest dog in France.

Though there was but one pup, it made up in size and beauty for a larger number, and with the feeding and petting of old Jean and the extra milk from its dam,

it grew like a weed and was soon the idol of the hotel.

The old soldier christened the newcomer Napoleon Bonaparte, and called him Nap for short, and often the "Little Corporal." So these were the names that he went by until Madame, the great actress, discovered him one day before Hotel Bellevue while she was passing in her limousine.

The Little Corporal was playing in the yard when the shining machine drew up before the hotel. His play was never a tame affair, for he played as though the destiny of France hung upon the vigor with which he shook up the paper bag that he had just discovered.

"Stop, Laporte," cried the great lady as she caught sight of the pup. "I must have that dog."

She whistled shrilly to him.

Instantly he ceased his play and sat up very alert on his stub tail, his head cocked on one side, his bright eyes looking warily at her from under his shaggy brows.

Then she whistled again, and he cocked one ear, and let the other droop that he might listen the harder. This gave him such a ludicrous expression that Madame laughed.

This was enough for Nap; that laugh of the actress, at which kings and queens had smiled, went straight to the heart of the Little Corporal, and with a series of frantic bounds he reached the panting car. He did not stop there, but bounded like a rubber ball through the open door and into the actress's lap, soiling her beautiful fur coat with his muddy paws.

But she did not care. She hugged him



THE OLD MAN CAME BOWING AND SMILING TO THE CAR.—*Page 24.*

and snuggled his whiskered face close to hers, and vowed if there was money enough in France to buy him, he should be hers.

The chauffeur was then sent for Jean. The old man came bowing and smiling to the car. But when he heard what the actress wanted of him his face fell. If he had not been in the presence of a very great lady whom all France loved, he would have sworn at the idea of selling his dog. But instead, being a Frenchman, he wept.

“Madame,” he said hoarsely, “I am a soldier, and can a soldier of France sell Napoleon?”

It was a pertinent question, but Madame began counting out shining louis until old Jean’s eyes bulged from his head.

He had a grandchild who was a cripple. He had dreamed for years of taking him to a great surgeon. Here was the way opening before him. Besides young Jean would need money if he went away to this war that every one said was coming.

He thought hard of little Adolph, and without even daring to look at the Little Corporal, nestled contentedly down in the lap of the actress, he silently stretched out his hand for the shining coins.

Not saying another word, and with tears streaming down his wrinkled face, he turned and walked into the stable, not daring to even look behind him lest one glance at the hairy face of Nap might cause him to repent. When he had disappeared, the actress spoke to the chauffeur and the car glided slowly out of the courtyard and down the street, on its way

to her château on the Loire, which was to be the new home of the Little Corporal.

He had fallen into good hands. There was no doubt of that. No other woman in France loved dogs as did the actress. Her friends and servants would be good to him, because of the saying: "Love me, love my dog." But would the Little Corporal ever find another heart so true as old Jean's? Would he ever find another soldier to romp and play with him as young Jean did? It was doubtful, but life is strange. Even the life of a dog may be as wonderful as a fairy story; so we will follow the limousine and see for ourselves.

CHAPTER II

PIERRE

WHEN the limousine started slowly out of the courtyard before Hotel Bellevue, and he could see only the retreating back of old Jean, the Little Corporal was afraid. He began wriggling and whimpering to be let down, but the actress had a way with her that none could resist; for had she not coaxed and wheedled two continents, causing millions to laugh or weep as she willed? And so it was with Nap. She snuggled him in her warm coat, and covered his hairy face with kisses. She drew his shining ears through her fingers in that coaxing way that dog-lovers understand, and dogs love. She squeezed his paws between her small gloved hands, and

laughed and smiled at him, and in five minutes they were the best of friends.

It must not be imagined that any woman could have picked up the Airedale and carried him off in this unceremonious manner, and so completely won his confidence. But the Little Corporal at once felt the great lady loved him. In fact, she had fallen desperately in love with him at sight, and being a true little gallant himself, he could not but reciprocate her love.

If he occasionally sat down thoughtfully on his stump of a tail and tried hard to think what it was that he missed, if at such times a strange tugging at his impulsive heart caused a mournful look to overspread his quizzical little face, there was no one to tell him that he missed his first love, old Jean.

But the new life at the château was so

varied and full of interest, and his mistress and her servants petted him so freely that in a day or two the stump of a tail was wagging away just as it had done at the Hotel Bellevue.

There was no part of the château that was too good for Pierre, as the actress at once rechristened him—not even her own boudoir.

“ Pierre! ” she would cry, clapping her hands together the first thing in the morning when she awoke. The Airedale, that was sleeping on a beautiful moquette rug at the foot of the bed, or sometimes even on the bed itself, would scramble up to her face. Then there would be a real rough-and-tumble love feast.

How scandalized the vast audience in Drury Lane, or Broadway would have been to see her hugging, kissing, and

fondling a mere dog! But her private life was her own, and she did with it very much as she pleased. The public and the theatre managers might tyrannize over her as an actress, but here she was supreme and her word was law.

Marie, her special maid, was disgusted with the manners of her mistress's latest canine love. She complained of him most grievously when she was sure of secrecy, but she never dared so much as breathe a word against Pierre in his mistress's presence.

Pierre's feeling for Marie was one of contempt. With his keen intuition, he soon discovered that she was afraid of him. When he could catch her in an out-of-the-way corner he would back her up against the wall, and by growling prodigiously for so small a dog, and showing a double row

of puppy teeth as sharp as needles, the roguish Pierre would scare poor Marie nearly into a fit.

When she had screamed and wept to his complete satisfaction, he would back away and laugh at her, not audibly, but nevertheless the laughter would run all over his hairy, alert face, and any dog-lover would have recognized it as the most mirthful of dog laughter.

After one of these tragic scares Marie confided to Louis Laporte, the chauffeur, that the "little devil" would be the death of her. Louis, who was fond of Marie, kissed away her tears, and said Pierre was the most impudent piece of dog meat that had ever come to the château.

If I were to enumerate all the notable people whose acquaintance Pierre made during his six-months' stay at the château,

it would weary my reader, but suffice it to say that they were legion.

Prime ministers, ambassadors, dramatists, poets, and actors,—in short, all the great people who came to the château had first to do homage to Madame's latest dog love; and of one accord, being very polite people, they pronounced him the most wonderful dog they had ever seen, although in secret afterwards some of them expressed themselves very freely to the contrary.

But none of these things ever came to the ears of either the actress or Pierre. If he did occasionally hear other things not intended for his keen cocked ears, he kept his own counsel and so kept out of trouble.

Early in the summer—it was July by the calendar, but of course Pierre did not know that—he noted great excitement

among the people at the château. They talked much louder, and more continuously than usual. Each morning when Laporte came with the mail there was a great scramble for the Paris papers. No matter how quiet or peaceful it might have been before the mail came, there was always pandemonium after that. Something was turning the château upside down. Dog that he was, Pierre understood this.

The strange excitement that the papers always brought would cause the men to clench their fists and grow red in the face and cry "Boche," or "La Guerre," while the women would weep and look miserable.

From all this, Pierre concluded in his dim dog way, that "Boche" was somebody or something very bad, and that **La Guerre** was also very bad.

He likewise noted that Laporte put on the strange clothes that young Jean, his former playfellow, always wore. He could tell these clothes by the tight-fitting leggings. He could not reach under these trousers and nip the legs as he could with the ordinary suit.

Most of the men who came to the château now wore these soldier suits and Pierre would go sniffing about their legs to see if by any chance one of them might be young Jean.

He liked them all, for they were sure to tumble him about when they were not in a hurry. There was also something strong and rough about them that he missed in his pampered life at the château.

Thus it was that Pierre noted the war-cloud that hung over France.

Being a mere dog, he did not know that

Liège had fallen, or that the Germans were sweeping across Belgium a million strong; that they were coming in five great armies marching abreast, a mighty tidal wave of bayonets. Even France did not realize their numbers then, but all knew that terrible times were ahead. The men and the women knew it and Pierre felt it in the air and saw it in their faces.

CHAPTER III

PIERRE GOES UP TO PARIS

ABOUT the middle of August when it was very hot even at the château, and intolerable in the city, Madame, accompanied by Pierre and Marie, set out for Paris. The actress was going to Paris to begin rehearsals with her company for a season in America.

She would gladly have donned a uniform in this, the hour of her country's need, but that she could not do. She could, however, give her services in another way. Few women have earned more money than she, and it should all go to France. Money meant cannon, ammunition, food, and tents for the soldiers. In short, money was almost as essential as

men. Money she would give without stint. So up to Paris she went in the sweltering heat, with all the enthusiasm of youth.

But it was not a normal France through which they travelled. All was hurry and confusion. The railroads were crowded with troop trains, and the highways were swarming with taxicabs and other motors filled with eager, sweating soldiers. At each load of soldiers Madame waved her hand, and Pierre barked gladly. For they all reminded him of young Jean, whom he never would see again.

Even upon the outskirts of Paris they were obliged to go very slowly, for every vehicle that could carry men or supplies had been pressed into service. All these were hurrying northward, while others were coming back empty, or filled with wounded soldiers.

Dozens of times the luxurious car of Madame was held up in the gutter while seemingly endless lines of marching men passed. There were infantry and cavalry, artillery and ambulance corps, and these in turn were followed by crowding lowing herds of cattle, and bleating flocks of sheep—the rations on the hoof, following the army.

At one of these exciting waits, a handsome man in a gay uniform mounted on a splendid horse, rode up to Madame's car and drew rein.

“Madame, the great actress,” cried the Colonel gaily, “your friend, Colonel Lafleur. Don't you remember?” And he saluted her just as though she had been a general herself.

The actress held out her eloquent hand.

“I have been looking for you all the

afternoon, Colonel," she said, in her deep rich voice. "You are always in my thoughts."

She loved the Colonel and he loved her, but it was one of those unfortunate love affairs, which could never be realized to the full; for he was only a poor Colonel, without family or money, while she was the famous actress whom the world adored.

"This is my regiment," he said, motioning to the splendid column, eight abreast, which was marching rapidly by. "In five minutes more, Madame, I must follow them. Even now I should be riding at their head. My country calls, but I may stay five minutes at the call of Cupid. Can we not crowd a year into five minutes?" He rode close to the car and, leaning over, took the actress's hand. She did not resist, but returned his pressure

warmly. "You are a brave man," she said. "I wish I could fight for France."

"It is such as you who inspire us to fight," he returned. "We fight for the women and the children of France."

"Four minutes are already gone," he said, presently, glancing at the watch on his wrist. "What a thief of time love is!"

While they had been talking, Pierre had been watching the soldiers with wary eyes. As the last rank filed by, he barked excitedly.

"Your dog says I must go," observed the Colonel. "He has spoken truly. This is my last moment. Can't you give me something that will go with me through the long march, and even through battles, to death if need be?"

Tears filled the actress's eyes. She

leaned over and printed a warm kiss upon the soldier's hand. "You may remember that," she said in a low, intense voice.

"Will it mean anything more if I come back?" asked the soldier.

"Probably not," she returned. "You know how it is."

"Yes," he said sadly. "I know."

"I am sorry," she said, "but I am not mistress of my own life. None of us famous people are."

"More's the pity," returned the Colonel. "May I have this for a keepsake?"

He unclasped the bracelet on her wrist.

"Yes, yes," she said joyfully. "The things I can give, I give gladly."

Then looking down the Colonel's eyes fell upon Pierre. He was watching the soldier warily from under his shaggy eyebrows.

“ May I have this, too? ” he asked, laying his hand on the dog’s head. “ He would keep me from being lonesome. He loves you, too. We would be company for each other. We would talk about you on the march, or in camp. I want him very much.”

“ Pierre! Pierre! He is the dearest thing I have. Pierre, can I give you away? ” The Airedale looked up inquiringly, first at his mistress, and then at the Colonel.

“ Yes,” she said at last. “ Take him, and God keep you both.”

The Colonel glanced at his watch again. “ Time is up,” he said. “ Good-bye, my lady. If we do not meet again, we have had these five immortal minutes. I shall live them over again many times. Are you coming with me, my little soldier? ”

The Colonel laid his hand upon the dog's head.

The Airedale had been sniffing at his coat-sleeve inquiringly for several seconds. He was one of the soldier-men, like young Jean. Pierre liked him.

“Are you coming with me?” repeated the Colonel. Now the Colonel was a masterful man. When he spoke, men, dogs, and horses always obeyed.

While the question was an invitation, yet it was also a command. The Airedale lifted his eyes to his mistress. Her eyes were filled with tears.

“Go, Pierre,” she said, “and God keep you both.”

The Colonel put one hand upon the dog's collar and the other under his belly and lifted him to the pommel of the saddle. He saluted, touched his horse with the

spur, and they galloped away after the rapidly disappearing regiment.

The last the actress saw of Pierre, he was looking backward at her from under the Colonel's elbow.

He was going to be a soldier with one of the bravest men in France. Perhaps he would like that even better than his mistress's petting and fondling. In some ways he was a man's dog. Now he would be a War Dog.

"Laporte, start up the machine," she said irritably. "What are we waiting here for?"

"*Oui, Madame,*" said Laporte, and they moved slowly on into the heart of Paris and to work—which after all is the best balm for aching hearts.

CHAPTER IV

A WAR DOG

It was a sudden and complete change that had come into the life of the Aire-dale. From the luxury and ease of the car he had gone at a single bound, as it were, to the pommel of the Colonel's saddle.

From the small, soft hand of the actress to the strong, yet kindly hand of the man of iron. Of the two, he was not sure but that he preferred the strong hand, for he was a high-spirited animal, full of strife and struggle. As long as he could see the car, he continued to look backward beneath the Colonel's elbow, but when they turned the next corner he faced about and looked up at the man.

“That’s right, little soldier,” said the Colonel. “No more looking back for you and me. It must be forward at any cost for us from now on.”

The horse joggled him so he could hardly keep his seat upon the saddle, which was not built for man and dog. But finally the Colonel borrowed a blanket from a soldier and strapped it in front of him, and his little chum was made quite comfortable.

They were in the very midst of things, with excitement all about them, and that suited Pierre. They were at the head of the fast-marching column. He had not imagined there were so many of the young Jean men in the world. The streets were lined with people, not soldiers, but just ordinary people, and they cheered as the long column swept by and Pierre wiggled

about on his perch and barked, just as though the cheering had been intended for him, and perhaps some of it was.

All through the afternoon till dusk they marched and marched.

As they went on, the city streets were left far behind, and the broad macadam road ran through green fields and country villages.

At dusk they halted in a field near one of the villages.

The Jean men all threw down their blankets and knapsacks and began building queer little houses. The Colonel and the other officers soon went to the village, where they were billeted for the night in the best quarters obtainable.

Pierre took mess with the Colonel, eating from his new master's hand. After each bite there was a kind word or a

caress. Thus they grew to be good chums, and their friendship ripened rapidly.

It had been such an exciting afternoon and the Colonel was so good to him that Pierre did not once think of his mistress until the soldier drew the sparkling bracelet from his pocket and kissed it before lying down in his blanket in front of an open fire. He had been offered a bed but refused it, saying that he could not get accustomed to the blanket too soon.

“You want to kiss it, too, little soldier?” asked the man, placing the bracelet before the dog’s muzzle. Pierre licked it and whined softly.

“We both love her, don’t we, little soldier? We’ll keep right on loving her till the end of life, whether that be long or short—who knows?”

Pierre was filled with a great sense of

homesickness at the smell of the bracelet. He went to the door and scratched upon it, then went back to the Colonel and begged to be let out.

“It’s not for us, little soldier,” said the man. “Ours is the hard road ahead. You cuddle down with me and we’ll say a prayer for her and for ourselves. God knows we may need it. Then sleep. We can’t waste any time howling to-night.”

All the time the strong hand had been caressing his head and drawing the soft ears between the fingers in the manner that dogs like.

Then the Colonel put the dog between his feet under the blanket and soon both were asleep.

In almost no time the bugler was blowing reveille, and both soldiers tumbled out of their blanket ready for the day’s march.

By half-past six the long column was on the road again, the Colonel and Pierre leading the way.

When he had become so accustomed to the life that the Colonel felt sure he would not run away he would let him down to run beside the horse. On these occasions he would scurry up and down the marching column, barking frantically and nipping at the soldiers' legs. These rhythmic marching legs, keeping time, all moving so rapidly, had a great fascination for Pierre. He, on his part, amused the soldiers. He was adopted almost immediately as the regimental mascot, and the men always hailed his appearance among them with shouts of delight. So altogether it was a most exciting and glorious life that the War Dog led.

One night, three days after they had

left Paris, they camped upon the brow of a high hill, which looked down upon a broad plain. On the farther side of the plain were some villages. There was a river running close to the foot of the hill.

Beyond the villages, as far as the eye could reach, hung a great cloud of smoke, from which jagged flames of lightning spurted.

All the afternoon they had been hearing distant thunder and it seemed to come from this dark cloud. The new soldiers all pointed at it and seemed much excited.

That evening the Colonel was very busy and Pierre did not see him until taps. He was hurrying about among the men, and other men were constantly coming to him. There was a strange excitement in the air. Pierre felt it also. It made his nerves tingle and the hair stand up along his

back. Somehow he wished that another dog would come along so he could get into a rough and tumble.

The Colonel sent an orderly for him about ten o'clock and he was taken to the officer's tent.

"Hello, little soldier," said the man pleasantly and Pierre barked a friendly greeting. "This may be our last night together, messmate," said the soldier as he divided his rations with his comrade. "We must make the most of it."

After mess he romped and tumbled the dog about for a few moments, and then fell to stroking his ears in that nice way he had. Pierre knew that the Colonel must love him. He could even feel it in his hands.

They took out the bracelet and both kissed it. This night, Pierre did not

whimper to go back to his mistress. He was fast becoming a soldier. Soon the bracelet was returned to the man's pocket. "We both love her, don't we, little soldier?" The dog wagged his tail in assent.

Then they said their prayer to the God of battle and rolled up in the blanket as they had done for the past three nights, the dog between the man's feet.

The following morning, reveille was earlier than usual. The man and the dog bolted their rations with the utmost dispatch.

When the meal was over, the Colonel picked up the Airedale and hugged him.

"I must go alone to-day, little soldier," he said. "Perhaps I sha'n't come back. If I do not, they will send you back to her. Tell her I died loving her."

Pierre did not understand the words,

but he knew it was a solemn occasion. The man's manner told him as much.

“ Good-bye, dog, be good until we meet again.” He patted the dog upon the head and gave him to an orderly who took him away to a near-by house and locked him in the cellar. When Pierre discovered what had happened to him and that he was not going with his master, he set up a great howling and angry barking, but no one paid any attention to him. The fate of France hung in the balance that day; and what was a dog's howling, or a child's, either, for that matter?

It was a day of blood and iron; so small things like a broken-hearted dog in a cellar did not count.

For an hour Pierre raced up and down frantically, barking, whining, and howling. He tried every possible chance for

escape, but there seemed to be none. The door at the head of the stairs was locked. He sprang against it repeatedly, but it would not give.

The windows were all too high for him to attempt. He sprang at each several times, but finally gave that up also. Then he sat down on his tail to think, but no way of escape came to him. Finally he lay down to rest, for the strenuous hour had tired him out. As he lay upon the ground, where earth sounds came plainly to his ears, he noted that the strange thunder they had heard all the day before was now much louder and more persistent. It must be a bad storm, indeed. It *was* a bad storm, for this was the day that the great man of France had said, "We must go forward now, no matter what the cost." Every true Frenchman, and all

Frenchmen were true in those days, was obeying the command.

Pierre must have slept, for when he next noted the strange thunder it had swelled to a constant roar, which made the windows in his cellar rattle. Again he made a detour of the cellar, and he now noted a pile of boxes near one of the windows. They were piled up so evenly he could not scale them, but if they were tumbled down he might.

With the thought, which was perhaps only an instinct, he began digging frantically under the bottom box. Three hours steady digging did the trick. He was nearly buried under the avalanche when the pile fell but he managed to scramble out and then jump upon the fallen heap.

The window was now about three feet above him. The first spring shattered the

glass and cut his face, but he was a little soldier. His master had said so.

He sprang again, and broke away a part of the sash, which was rotten. One more jump carried him to freedom.

He raced to the top of the hill where they had been the night before. The villages he had noted upon the farther side of the plain were burning. The sky-line was red with the conflagration. The whole plain nearer the river was dotted with men running hither and thither.

Flames belched, and thunder rolled all along the valley, as far as the eye could reach. His master, the Colonel, was somewhere upon the plain, in the storm. They had all been going that way.

He was a little soldier of France. He must follow. So he trotted down the road towards the one bridge that was still

standing, across which machine-guns were constantly playing, and over which shells were bursting. It was a terrible storm. Once he whined and started to go back, but something seemed to be calling to him, so he returned and obeyed the summons.

He was a War Dog.

The sun crept through a smoke-filled sky to the zenith.

The sun was very old, but never in its æons of shining had it seen such a sight in brave France. The plain ran blood—little rivulets in all the low places. The turf was torn with shells.

Dead and dying men were everywhere. For a while the storm stood still, then it began to sway this way and that and finally, thank God, it rolled slowly away to the north and east. The tide had turned.

For this day at least, heroic France had been saved.

The sun dropped slowly down the western sky-line to the horizon, but only by the timepiece could you have told that it went. It was hidden from sight by the storm, the smoke, the flames, the dust, and the tears in men's eyes.

The dusk fell. The stars came out. The moon appeared. The cool of evening was over the landscape. The thunder had died away and the hush of night was over the land.

The Colonel lay close to a hedge in a cool, green field. He had been lying there for many hours. He was not dead, but very close to death's door. He lay upon a blanket, with a soldier's knapsack under his head. He had received first aid, but the surgeon had said that he could not

afford to waste time on him. He was done for.

The doctor had not thought the Colonel heard, but it was just as well. The Colonel had known all the time. He was trying to summon all his strength for a task he wanted to perform. Presently he felt something warm on his hand. He slowly opened his eyes. His little pal was licking his hand and looking with anxious, fearful eyes into his face.

He put up his hand with a great effort and stroked the dog's head.

"Hello, little soldier," he said weakly. "I had just asked God to send me a messenger and he has sent you. You are the best ever." Then he closed his eyes and remained very still for a long time. The dog licked frantically at his hand. Again he opened his eyes.

“Still here, little guardsman?” He reached slowly into his pocket and brought out the bracelet. He kissed it feebly. The dog kissed it also when he held it up. “You must take it back to her,” said the soldier. “I will write in a minute.” Again he rested. Once more he opened his eyes and smiled at the dog. The dog wagged his tail.

The Colonel reached in his pocket painfully and brought out a pencil and paper. He wrote a little, then rested, then wrote again. Once he slept, and the watching dog thought he would not wake. The doctor might have thought so, too, if he had seen. But life is strong when love calls, and he again resumed the letter. When it was done, he read it slowly to his companion. He barely whispered these words, and often stopped to rest:

“DEAR LADY: I am sending him back to you. The little soldier. He will bring back the bracelet and my love. I am dying, but I am very happy. I have seen the Germans’ right turned, and I think France is safe. Many a brave Frenchman will sleep well to-night for that sight. Please keep the bracelet and wear it always on your left wrist for me. It is sweet, dying for the one you love, and your country.

“My War Cross, I am giving to my little chum. Let him wear it always. Bury it with him. Next to you, I love him. God has sent him to me to bear my love to you. I am very tired. I must stop now. Taps will soon sound. It is sweet to die for one’s country. Do not grieve for me. I am not grieving for myself. Keep me always in your heart. Taps will sound in a minute.”

He folded the note and tucked it beneath the dog’s collar. Then with his handkerchief wet with his heart’s blood, he bound the note firmly to the collar. Next he took off his War Cross, la Croix de

Guerre, and clasped the chain about the dog's neck. Then he kissed the dog on his head.

His sight had nearly left him. His senses were reeling. It was only by great will power that the Colonel kept his mind working.

"Home, Pierre," he said sternly, "Home." He patted the place on the collar where the bracelet lay. The dog cocked his ears and listened. "Home," repeated the man of blood and iron. The dog whimpered. "Home," he repeated again, and struck him sharply on the shoulder. The dog whimpered but turned partly about. Again he slapped his shoulder. The Colonel listened intently and smiled as he heard his paws patting slowly down the road. Ordinarily he would have doubted if he would ever find

home and his mistress, but he was sure now. God was sending him. All would be well.

With a deep sigh the man lay back upon his knapsack. Once his lips moved, but no words came. Taps sounded, and he slept with the smile of victory on his pale face.

Three days later a footsore, forlorn Airedale limped up the shady avenue to the château on the Loire. Five minutes afterwards the actress's private secretary was reading the Colonel's love note to Madame. When she had finished, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and tied the note carefully back on the collar.

She noted that the War Cross was safe upon the dog's breast. She also noted a bullet hole in one of his ears and blood upon his face.

An hour later both secretary and dog were travelling to Paris on the express.

That evening, in her dressing-room, after the first act, with the dusty, dirty Pierre in her lap, the actress read the Colonel's last letter. When it was finished she sat very still until her maid told her to hurry, for the next act had begun. She tucked the note away in her bosom and went upon the stage, to play Juliet as she had never played that love part before.

CHAPTER V.

PIERRE COMES TO AMERICA

ABOUT the first of October the actress concluded her rehearsals in Paris and went back to the château for a week. There had been delays in booking her American engagements, and also in getting passage across. All the western-bound steamers were crowded with fleeing Americans, eager to get home before it was too late.

Once back at the château, there was great commotion. There were countless new dresses and costumes for Madame, and a score of trunks were packed. Pierre did not even know what it all meant when he heard Marie telling Louis that Madame

was going to take that Satan of a dog with her to America.

“Last year,” wailed the tearful Marie, “it was the hateful Pomeranian, and this year it is this little imp. I know he will be the death of me before we get back. He is worse than the other.”

Marie wept copiously, and Louis, being a gallant Frenchman, embraced her and Pierre was forgotten.

There was no use of objecting if Madame had made up her mind, so to America the Airedale went, as the most priceless and altogether adorable thing in her possession at the time.

She might love other dogs later on, but now Pierre was enough.

He slept in her stateroom during the voyage, and was waited upon by the disgusted Marie and the other maids, as

though he had been the only child of the great lady.

Every one on shipboard petted him, and admired his War Cross, for they soon understood that this was the shortest way to the graces of Madame.

Up and down the country in a luxurious private car the little soldier toured, written up by newspaper reporters and lauded by theatre managers, until he came to the college town of Meadowdale. Here he took matters into his own hands and thereby changed the current of his entire future life.

Pierre was not happy travelling in Madame's private car! Not as happy as he had been with old Jean or with the Colonel. He was fondled and played with by his mistress to his heart's content, and admired by all who visited the car, but that

was not enough for him. There was something that should have been in his life which he missed.

He would sit for hours on the leather-covered seat, looking wistfully out of the car window at the wide world through which he was passing so rapidly. He was watching for other dogs, and longing for the freedom of the outer world, that the poorest cur enjoyed more than he.

When he saw other dogs playing boisterously and even indulging in that wonder of wonders, a dog-fight, he would stand with his fore-paws on the window ledge, and bark frantically. The week of strenuous life as a War Dog had spoiled him for the pampered life. If he could only be out in this great free world of dog-fights, what would he not give? His world was bounded by the four walls and the ceiling

of the car, but theirs was circumscribed only by the sky, and the four points of the compass.

He always made it a point to sleep with one eye open in the evening, so that he would be ready to receive his mistress when she came in from the theatre about midnight. She was always gay then, and would romp and tumble him about, in a manner that well suited the husky Airedale; but one short romp each evening was not enough for him. He must have life, and more of it, such life as he had had with the Colonel.

This parlor car was stifling him. He must get away.

Probably the move was not premeditated—just an impulse carried out on the spur of the moment; but one morning while Marie had him out on the rear plat-

form of the car combing and brushing "the little Satan," as she called him, quick as a flash he slipped his collar and ran for freedom, just as many another dog, or even a boy, has done, out into the great, wide world.

Poor Marie was panic-stricken when she saw what had happened. Much as she hated Pierre, to have been the innocent cause of his loss filled her with terror.

With tears in her eyes, and with a pounding heart, she took the empty collar and the limp leash to the actress.

The great lady was furious. She stormed and wept, and would have discharged the luckless Marie on the spot, only that she was the best maid she had ever employed and she could not get another readily. She sent her servants chasing through the city, and the evening



HE SLIPPED HIS COLLAR AND RAN FOR FREEDOM.—Page 72.

papers contained advertisements for the Airedale, but all to no purpose. He was lost to them as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

CHAPTER VI

THE LIFE OF A TRAMP

Bow-wow, hurry-scurry, but it was fun scampering down the street.

He could hear the cries of the distressed Marie, and from scoldings that his mistress had given her on other occasions when she had failed to give him his bath at just the right time, or had not thoroughly combed and brushed his coat, he knew just the kind of a raking-over she would get.

There was not freedom enough on the sidewalk for his newly found ambition so he soon took to the road, which was broad and unobstructed, save for occasional teams and automobiles. This was what he had longed for all through the weary

month of their tour. He ran so fast and so furiously for a time that people stopped to look after him, and soon this freak of his nearly cost him his life.

He had reached the outskirts of the city, when, as he turned a corner, he ran almost between the legs of a policeman who was out on a stray dog hunt.

He noticed the Airedale was without collar or master, and, being a dog-hater, he whipped out his revolver and fired at the unsuspecting Pierre.

There was something sinister in the sharp crack of the revolver, and in the whistling bullet that kicked up a shower of sand, so Pierre sprang through an open gateway which happened to be placed just right and disappeared before the policeman could fire again.

It was a narrow escape. Perhaps after

all everything was not so fine in this great new world into which he had fled so gleefully.

Two blocks farther on he entered a private yard, and came face to face with one of his own kind.

Now in dog etiquette a strange dog should not enter the yard of another dog until he is invited by that dog. Pierre did not know this law of dogland, as he had always been a law unto himself, and had not associated much with other dogs, since his days at Hotel Bellevue, and then he was too young to have learned the ways of dogs.

So when the big bull wrinkled up his lips and growled, saying in dog language, "See here, my fine fellow, what are you doing in my front yard?" the Airedale mistook the challenge for an invitation to

engage the bulldog in battle, or perhaps as a personal insult.

Here then was the thing for which he had been looking so long, a genuine fight; so he went in like a little fury.

Soon his excited yelping and snarling brought half a dozen eager boys to the scene, and they all with great partizanship began cheering on the white bulldog, though he really needed no encouragement, but went at his adversary in a very businesslike manner. He did not bark nor growl, but steadily advanced upon the Airedale, unmindful of the other's constant snapping, waiting for the opening that he wanted.

The bulldog was much heavier than Pierre, and also an old fighter. Although the Airedale fought furiously, advancing and retreating like a flash, and punished

the bull freely, yet he was no match for him. Almost before he knew it, the older dog had him by the throat and was slowly shutting off his wind. Struggle as he would, he could not free himself.

His eyes bulged and his breath came in wheezy gasps.

“Wow, wow,” he had not imagined a dog-fight was a serious thing like this. He had always considered it a rather strenuous rough and tumble that usually ended amicably.

Soon the world began to grow dark, and he slumped down in a limp heap.

Just in the nick of time, when the victor had almost choked the last spark of life out of him, a humane man came to the rescue with a pinch of snuff, which he blew into the nostrils of the bulldog. This caused him to loose his hold and sneeze violently,

and in that instant Pierre's rescuer dragged him from the bull's jaws. Then he had a boy bring out a pail of water which he threw over the Airedale, that soon sat up and blinked. In five minutes' time he was as good as new, but he had found out all he wanted to know about dog-fights for that day.

"But, Papa," protested one of the boys, "he came into our yard and pitched into Tige."

"He's nothing but a puppy," replied the man. "And he is such a beauty I could not let Tige kill him. He will know better next time."

Pierre saw that the man was a friend, so he went over to him and licked his hand, as a token of friendship and gratitude.

Then it was that the man noted the

chain about his neck and the War Cross. "What have we here?" he asked, putting his hand to the Airedale's neck. Pierre backed away. Perhaps they wanted to rob him of his precious chain and cross, but the man coaxed and talked to him reassuringly and was soon able to examine the war trophy.

"La Croix de Guerre," he read. "Boys, this dog is a war hero. He is wearing the War Cross of France."

Pierre was much pleased that they had discovered his importance and wagged his tail freely, while the boys all crowded about him to admire the cross.

He would have liked to stay with the good man notwithstanding the fact that the bulldog glowered at him out of the corner of his eye, but the man and boys soon drove him out of the yard by throw-

ing sticks at him, and he heard the man say, "He will soon go home if we do not pet him."

Home, why, yes, he would go home tomorrow, but for the present he must see more of this great world, even though it was rather strenuous. Soon he espied a dog running with a team. What fun that must be! So he scurried after them and joined the dog under the vehicle. But the dog growled savagely at him and drove him away.

The team must belong to this dog, just as the yard had belonged to the bulldog. Well, he would hunt up a wagon for himself. So the first team that chanced to drive by he ran barking after and took his place under the wagon, just behind the horses' heels as he had seen the other dog do.

My, but it was fun, scampering along behind the horse, with the great round wheels rolling along beside one! This was life! This was the world—the real thing.

All went well for a mile or two, until the team stopped and the man hitched the horse to a post and went into the house.

Then poor unsophisticated Pierre went up and smelled the horse's heels. He wanted to make friends.

It was lucky the horse was only nervous, and not vicious, but even then it was bad enough, for the kick that Pierre got rolled him entirely out from under the wagon, and so badly lamed his shoulder that at first he thought it was broken and could not be used. So he ran ki-yi-ing down a side-street, while some boys who had been watching laughed, and thought it a great joke.

For the rest of the day Pierre went on three legs, and was a very sorrowful little dog.

His next adventure was even more disheartening, for by it he almost lost faith in the soldier-men who had always been such good friends to him.

About the middle of the afternoon he discovered a road leading out of the city. It did not seem to be as much used as the others, so he followed it. Soon it brought him out upon a hill where he could look down into a broad green meadow. Here a wonderful sight met his eyes. The meadow was covered with the small houses that the young Jean men always lived in. With a glad yelp he started for the soldiers' camp.

The local State Guards were camping upon the fair ground for three days sub-

sequent to their departure for training-camp.

Pierre trotted into the midst of the camp, head erect, tail up.

This was great. This was home. Perhaps he would find the Colonel.

Half-way down the regimental street, a fine, tempting odor came to his nostrils. Then he remembered he was very hungry, so he started for the mess tent. The cook was busy in the back of the tent and did not see him enter. The first thing the hungry dog's eyes fell upon was a ham on the table near the entrance.

Without saying as much as by your leave, he sprang upon the bench and began pulling down the ham. Just then the cook looked around.

Bang, whang, clatter! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! The cook had flung a kettle cover with



HE FLED DOWN THE REGIMENTAL STREET.—*Page 83.*

such good aim that he had hit the luckless Pierre on the head.

He fled down the regimental street followed by missiles and curses.

Two other dogs who had seen him running joined in the chase and he was run out of camp in disgrace.

Pierre was astonished, angry and disgusted. These soldier-men were surely different from those he had known. He, a War Dog, driven out of camp like an ordinary thief.

By night-time he was ravenously hungry and cold, and it was beginning to rain.

A couple of raw eggs and some steak would taste good. He had seen about enough of the world, anyway. He would go back to his mistress. What a scare he had given her!

So he threaded his way carefully on

three legs back to the switchyard, where his mistress's private car had stood in the morning. He found the place all right, for he had all the keen instinct of a dog, but the car was gone.

Ah, well, it did not matter much. The road was very plain. Two long sticks and a lot of short ones running across showed the way. He and his mistress always followed just such a road as this when they travelled in the great car. So he started limping down the track on three legs.

For perhaps three miles he followed the straight plain road and then he came to a place where it was very queer. The road with the two long sticks and the cross sticks still lay ahead of him, but it was very high up, and there was a great expanse of water beneath.

He sat down on his stump of a tail and looked at it for a spell. It looked rather scary, but he was very hungry, and of a sudden a great longing for the lady whom two continents admired began tugging at his dog heart. So he got up and limped on to the railroad bridge.

It made him afraid to look down at the water when he was out in the middle of the bridge, so he looked ahead and limped along as fast as he could.

When he had reached the middle of the bridge, where it was very high and was wondering whether he had better turn back or go forward, he heard a thunderous noise behind, and looking over his shoulder saw the great shrieking, rumbling thing that always drew his mistress's car coming on to the end of the bridge.

It came straight at him rumbling, roar-

ing and hissing. He started to go forward as fast as he could, but it was not fast enough, and almost before he realized, it was upon him.

He gave one frightened glance over his shoulder, and another down into the river, then jumped.

Thirty feet below he struck the water with a mighty splash, and went under so far that it seemed as though his lungs would burst before he came to the surface. But presently up he came, blowing and sputtering.

“Did he drown?” I hear my reader ask.

Oh, no! What a foolish question. Not he, for he was a dog.

He had the natural instincts of an animal, and in some ways man is the most helpless of all the animal kingdom.

He merely walked ashore in the water.

That is what it seemed like to him, but it was really swimming.

All his kind since the first dog had known how to swim, and he was not such a fool as to drown.

When he scrambled up on the bank and shook himself free of water, he was probably the most sorrowful, water-soaked, altogether lonesome little dog in the whole world. He wanted his home, he wanted his mistress, he even wanted Marie; but he had lost them all.

CHAPTER VII

PIERRE MEETS THE KILLER

THAT night Pierre dug into a corn shock and was very glad of the protection of the coarse corn-stalks. It was now October and the nights were rather chilly. Pierre, being a pampered pet, felt the cold much more than the ordinary dog. At the château he had slept upon a soft moquette rug, or on the actress's own bed. Even in the private car he had possessed a velvet rug; and now to be thrust out into the cold world made him shiver.

He could not get to sleep for some time. This life was not like anything that he had ever known. It was more like the rough life that he had led with the Colonel. But even that was different. The Colo-

nel had always petted him, and that was what he missed now. It was not so much that his bed was uncomfortable, as it was that his dog heart craved love.

Love had always been lavished upon him even from his puppy days with old Jean. He had not known then what a priceless thing it was.

The following morning he crawled out very early. In the private car he had been in the habit of sleeping late, just as the actress did. But it was cold on this October morning, so he crawled out of his cornstalk bed and ran for half a mile to get warm.

There was frost on the dead grass. It was white and sparkling and very cold. Pierre had never seen any frost in sunny France.

First the Airedale slaked his thirst at

a brook and that made him feel better. Then it was that he noted that he was prodigiously hungry. My, but what would he not give to be back in the car eating his porterhouse steak! Wow, wouldn't a raw egg taste good!

So Pierre started on a foraging expedition. He must remember some of his sorry lessons of the day before. He must not go into another dog's yard unless he was invited. He must not run after another dog's team. He must keep away from soldiers, because the soldiers here were not like the young Jean men in France, nor like his good master, the Colonel. Instead of petting you, they threw things at you.

He must not get on that strange straight road where his mistress's car travelled. If he did, the shrieking monster would

chase him. Wow, wow! What a fright it had given him. He certainly would keep away from that roadway with the straight shining sticks.

So with all these precautions firmly in mind, Pierre did not get into as much trouble that day as he had the day before; but he did not find anything to eat for a long time. Gradually he learned a very sorry lesson which made his running away much harder to bear. Whenever he appeared at a farmhouse where there was another dog, that dog usually barked at him and drove him away. If there wasn't any dog, the people drove him away. Sometimes they merely shouted, but more often they threw things at him.

So the painful fact that he was an outcast was gradually driven home to the luckless Pierre. From being the petted

and pampered favorite of the great lady, he had gone at one bound into a world that gave him the cold shoulder on every hand.

No one in the whole world wanted him. He did not belong to any one. Other dogs owned houses, and had masters and mistresses.

Other dogs owned teams and could run behind them. Other dogs had queer little houses that they slept in in the back yard.

Pierre had never seen a kennel in France, but he did envy these American dogs sticking their heads out of their cute little houses.

So as the day drew on to its close a great sense of loneliness and heartsickness came over Pierre. If some one would only speak to him, or whistle for him to come. He would give almost anything if he

could only feel a human hand on his head, or some one running his ears through their fingers.

Also, the pangs of hunger were gnawing at his vitals, and this double discomfort was almost unendurable. But about dusk he spied a man dumping some refuse in an open lot. The man was shoveling it from a wagon. A dog was lying on the grass watching him. So Pierre knew the man and team belonged to that dog.

Finally the man finished and drove away, and the dog trotted after the team. From where he was hiding behind a fence watching them, Pierre thought he could smell raw meat. When he finally crept up to where the team had been, he discovered that it was indeed raw meat. But it was not the sort he was used to.

Porterhouse? Well, I should say not.

The man was a butcher and the meat was the refuse from a steer that he had killed that afternoon.

Pierre tasted a piece and it made him gag so he spit it out. Then he tried another piece, but that was just as bad.

So he went all through the pile trying vainly to find something to his liking. At last he sat down on his tail before the sorry meat and a great sense of homesickness and loneliness came over him. It was so great that although he was an Airedale and a dog with a stout heart, yet he lifted his muzzle and howled dismally.

Pierre was so wrapt in grief and so overpowered with a sense of his loss that he did not even notice the Killer until he heard a deep growl almost beside him. Wheeling sharply, he came face to face with the ugliest-looking old bulldog that

he had ever seen. He was a dirty white. His ears were chewed to ribbons and he had lost one eye. His coat was rusty. His eyes were bloodshot and his lips were wrinkled up into an habitual snarl. He looked so belligerent that Pierre instinctively drew back.

“Growl, growl, growl,” said the Killer wrinkling his lips up still further. “If you ain’t a pretty purp to sit here on your aristocratic tail howling like a fool, when there is such a fine dinner right here before your very nose.”

“Ki-i, yi-i,” whimpered Pierre. “But I tried to eat it and I couldn’t. It made me sick. It is vile stuff.”

The old bull drew back and looked at Pierre intently for several seconds; then he resumed his deep growling. Pierre finally decided this growling did not mean

very much, but the old fellow had gotten into the habit of growling about everything; it was sort of second nature with him.

“ Couldn’t eat it, did you say? Made you sick? Well, my fine dandy, you must be somebody’s woolly lamb dog. You must be a sort of blanket poodle. Might I inquire just who you are and where you came from? ”

Pierre did not notice the irony in the old bull’s tones and was all eagerness to tell his story. He wagged his tail vehemently and smiled his very best dog smile.

“ You see,” he said, edging up close to the old fighter and becoming confidential, “ I am a stranger in these parts. My home is in France.

“ That is away off, far across the great water. We came in a mighty floating

house. There were lots of folks and a few dogs.

“My mistress is a very great lady. She goes about in a house on wheels. Lots of people came to see us. They all used to pet me and Mistress would tell them how smart I was. You see I am a war hero. This is my War Cross on the chain about my neck.”

But instead of admiring him as Pierre had expected, the old bull growled still more savagely than before. His one eye also seemed to be watching Pierre suspiciously. Finally the Killer spoke between deep growls.

“You are a four-flusher,” he said. “You can’t pull that stuff on me. I ain’t a woolly lamb, purp. I wasn’t born yesterday. You are a four-flusher.”

“What is that?” asked Pierre timidly.

“Is it something good? Do men like it? They all like me. So do the women when they know me—all but Marie.”

“You are a four-flusher,” repeated the Killer. “That ain’t anything good, either. You are a liar, a cheat, a pretender, a hoax.”

“You are a cheat. You a War Dog, a hero! Wow, wow, wow! I am half a mind to shake you up for trying to put such a yarn over on me. Don’t do it any more, my fine fellow, if you don’t want your sleek coat chewed up a bit. I am a rough one, I am. I could chew the nose off you in just about a minute,” and he growled even more savagely.

“I didn’t mean to offend you,” whimpered Pierre. “But I am a War ——”

“We won’t say any more about that,” growled the old bull. “You just sit there



"YOU A WAR DOG, A HERO!"—*Page 100.*

on your tail and watch me while I make my supper. I am as hungry as a—a—a ——”

But the old bull's mouth was so full of the dirty meat that he could not finish the sentence.

For several minutes Pierre watched him and, as his hunger seemed almost unbearable, he tried again to eat some of the meat.

But the way in which he worried down a bit here and a morsel there quite disgusted the Killer.

“My eye!” he growled. “I should think you was a dandy. What did they feed you on, anyhow?”

“The very best of steak and raw eggs and cake and cream,” whimpered Pierre.

“This meat almost makes me vomit.”

“Don't try to pull any more of your lies

on me, or I will shake you up. But you do look and act like a dandy. I hate dandies. Their fine coats always make me want to roll them in the mud.

“ I don’t know why I didn’t you. But there is something about you I rather like. You look like a thoroughbred. I have some pedigree myself. You wouldn’t believe it to see me now.

“ But my sire was a blue-ribbon dog at the New York bench and my dam could chew the ear off any thoroughbred bull that ever ran on four legs. She was a terror, she was. I take after her. But still I have got the pedigree. Mighty little good it does me now. I have seen better days, my fine fellow. I suppose you reminded me of it. That was why I spoke to you instead of chewing you up. When you are through picking about, I

will take you for an enterprise that is worth while.

“Perhaps we may taste warm blood. Wow, but I am thirsty for it. If you are a War Dog and have smelled gunpowder, you wouldn’t be afraid. But you needn’t join me if you don’t want to.

“You don’t look much like a War Dog. I guess you are a four-flusher.”

CHAPTER VIII

A SORRY ADVENTURE

ALTHOUGH the dog is the friend and ally of man, doing much to guard and protect his property, yet he occasionally reverts to his wolf ancestry and becomes destructive. This is true in very rare instances of the faithful sheep dogs. There is something about the stupid sheep that seems to invite destruction.

They are so easily frightened and run so readily that what often begins as boisterous play on the part of the dogs ends as a bloody affair.

Now it happened that poor Pierre had fallen in with a Killer ——

Not a sheep dog gone bad, but just a natural scallywag among dogs. The

enterprise to which he had alluded was nothing more or less than a sheep-killing expedition.

It was a beautiful October evening. The hunter's moon was at its full. The stars were so thick in the heavens and so luminous that it was almost bright as day. The air was clear and crisp, and there was a tang about it that went to the blood like old wine. Both dogs felt it as they trotted away to a distant pasture where the sheep were kept. In the daytime they fed in a large pasture, but each night they came up to a smaller pasture, where the lambs were kept in the early spring. This small lot was well fenced, with wire netting at the bottom to keep the lambs from getting through.

As they approached the lot, the old bull became wary and they crept forward

slowly, keeping close to the ground. But even so, the Killer was much more conspicuous than was Pierre. The Airedale was all excitement, for the Killer had told him it was all sorts of fun and had promised him that he might kill a sheep for himself.

Now the Killer knew full well that the sheep were the farmer's property. He knew that it was wrong to kill them and he also knew that it was risky business on which he was taking the Airedale.

But poor Pierre, who was quite ignorant on all these points, thought it just a great lark.

Finally they came in sight of the pasture. They crept along in the shadow of some bushes until they reached a spot that satisfied the Killer. Then they got down on their bellies and started to dig under the

wire netting. Half an hour's work made a hole large enough to admit them. The Killer crawled under the fence first, and Pierre followed.

It happened that the Killer had been upon just such an expedition in this same pasture about a week before. He had been discovered and had escaped with his hide well peppered with bird shot. A strict watch had been kept on the sheep ever since. Even at the moment when the two dogs crawled out from under the fence and entered the lot, a man and two boys were lying in wait behind the fence on the other side of the lot. Two of them had shotguns, but one of the boys carried a Winchester rifle.

The Killer threw all precaution to the winds once he spied the sheep. Probably the thought of warm blood destroyed his

sense of prudence. He immediately started in pursuit of a half-grown lamb. It was lucky for Pierre that his dark coat made him less conspicuous than his companion, also that he did not at once join in the chase.

The chase had hardly begun when Bang, bang, bang! went the guns with ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi! from the Killer. The boy with the rifle had missed him, but the two shotguns had filled him with shot.

“Ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi! It’s the men with their guns, run!” yelled the old bull, making for the hole under the fence.

Pierre was much excited himself, but he had seen such sights as this before. He had also heard those deafening noises, only much louder. It was war. It was like the day when he had found the Colonel and carried the letter to his mistress. So he

was not nearly so much excited as the bulldog.

“Ki-yi, where is the hole under the fence?” yelped the bull.

“I am blinded. I cannot see. You must show me. They will get me.”

Then the three guns went bang, bang, bang again. This time Pierre himself felt the sharp sting of several shot and he knew full well what it was that made the Killer yelp. Either they were being stung by bees or else it was something connected with the loud noise that stung their hides so. Anyhow, they must get out of this lot, or be stung to death.

“Here, this way,” sniffed Pierre.
“Here is the hole.”

But he had spoken too late to help his companion, for at the same instant the Winchester barked again and the

Killer fell kicking on the ground beside Pierre.

Pierre knew instinctively that the old dog was mortally wounded, just as all animals know these things. He must save himself. He turned to crawl under the fence but could not discover the hole. He ran this way and that but could not find it. He was trapped.

What should he do? All the time he was running desperately about, the banging was going on. Shot were stinging his hide and the Winchester was ripping up grass all about him. It was only the fact that he ran so continuously that saved him from the fate of the old killer. Finally a bullet cut a lock of hair from his face and he decided to rush the wire fence. He did not know whether he could go through it or not, but it was the only way.

It looked ugly. It would probably tear his face, but it was his only chance. So he shut his eyes and sprang against it with all his might, keeping his head low.

There was a sensation of his face being scratched with a thorn bush, like the one he had gotten into when a puppy at the château.

The thorns also raked along his back. He thought his hide would be torn off him. But at last he was through. His heart gave a great bound of delight. He had escaped. Now he would run for it. But he was too sure of himself. His congratulations were too previous. For just then the boy with the Winchester got a good bead on him and sent a bullet ripping through his flank. It was a very bad wound, but luckily only a flesh wound. Otherwise his story might have ended then

and there. Pierre thought at first that he could not step. He was faint and sick. They had mortally wounded him, just as they had the Killer.

Then the sense of self-preservation asserted itself. He must flee. If he stayed there, they would surely kill him. So he set his teeth, and his splendid fighting strength came to his aid.

His ancestors had all been good fighters, and why not he?

He must flee, but where? It did not matter much as long as he ran fast and far. So he sped away on three legs, leaving his companion in this desperate night's work dead in the sheep pasture.

They fired two or three more shots at him but finally he disappeared and the fusillade ceased.

But poor Pierre still seemed to hear the

deafening sounds long after he had passed out of range. The night was full of horrors. The whole world was full of fierce men with thunder sticks and they were all after him.

Finally the roadway led through a deep wood, and Pierre was very glad. He left the road and struck off into the woods.

The darker it was and the thicker the underbrush the better it suited him. Here was a place to hide. The sweet green woods protected him, just as it has many another hunted animal, or even man.

Finally in the very heart of the woods he crawled under the top of a fallen tree to rest. He was so weak he could hardly stand. His breath came in wheezy gasps. He lay very still and tried to sleep.

But the wound pained him intensely, so he sat up and licked it steadily for an hour.

Then he discovered that he was very thirsty.

He could hear water running close at hand, so he crept cautiously out and slaked his thirst. Then he went back to his treetop to rest some more.

For three days Pierre slept and rested under the treetop, going often to the little stream to slake his thirst. He ate no food, only slept and drank cool, refreshing water.

On the fifth day, he came forth from hiding. The wound had healed so perfectly that it would have troubled any one to discover it under his thick coat. He limped slightly for a few hours but finally even that discomfort disappeared and he was his own active self, only prodigiously hungry. He at once remembered the bad meat where he had met the Killer. He

had no difficulty in finding it and he was astonished to discover how good it tasted.

When he had eaten until he could hold no more, he took to the open road. He would find his mistress if he had to run his legs off. She had been so good to him. They had all been good to him. What a fool he had been to run away. But instead of finding the actress, he discovered some new friends.

CHAPTER IX

PIERRE MAKES NEW FRIENDS

It was Sunday morning at Sunnyside Cottage, where lived an author and his wife, and they were at breakfast.

Now the Sunday morning meal at Sunnyside is a very leisurely affair, with the different dishes sandwiched in between fragments from the morning paper.

They had finished the grapefruit, and were sampling the Sunday sermon, when there came a timid tat-a-tat-tat at the screen door on the front piazza.

“I wonder who it is,” inquired the author, and to answer the question the mistress got up and went to the door.

There upon the mat sat a sorrowful figure. A stump of a tail was slowly and

gently thumping the door-mat as though feeling its way cautiously. The head was downcast, but the mistress might have noticed, had she looked sharply, that the bright eyes were watching her narrowly.

The whole attitude was apologetic, as though he excused himself for being there at that time of day, and looking so bedraggled.

“Good-morning, Mr. Dog,” said the mistress cheerily.

The stump of the tail began thumping the mat more quickly and with greater determination, and the bright, quizzical face was turned up inquiringly.

“Please, lady,” it seemed to be saying, “I am cold and hungry. The world outside is a great lonesome place, and it looks very inviting inside your house.”

The mistress read the dog **thought**

rightly, so she opened the door and asked, "Will you come in, Mr. Dog?"

Pierre needed no second invitation, and slipped inside quickly as though fearing she might change her mind when she saw the sad condition of his toilet.

On the threshold of the living-room, he stopped doubtfully.

"Will you step in and take a chair, Mr. Dog?" inquired the kind lady.

Without the slightest hesitation, and seeming to comprehend what was said perfectly, Pierre slipped over the threshold and made for the master's easy-chair.

He reached this favorite seat with an easy bound as though he was used to the best chair, and there he sat straight as a drum-major, ears cocked, eyes snapping, waiting for the next move on this interesting program.

The mistress returned to the dining-room, and without a sign of a smile, said, "There is a gentleman in the sitting-room who wishes to see you."

The author swallowed a gulp of coffee to be primed for any emergency and went to the living-room, and there in the best chair sat Mr. Dog.

"Well, well, this is taking some liberties," said the master sternly, for Pierre's paws were muddy, and the chair was almost new. This was rather too much to be endured calmly, even by a lover of dogs.

If a dog could be described as blushing, Pierre blushed, and a look of shame overspread his face.

His whole manner and expression seemed to say, "I know I am very shabby this morning, but I am down on my luck. You do not think I am a tramp, do you?"

Really, I am used to the very best things. I am sorry about my paws."

The man smiled in spite of a determination to be very stern with a tramp who took such liberties. The smile did not escape the snapping, intelligent eyes.

Pierre got down from the chair deliberately, and came mincingly towards the author, the stub tail wagging feebly, dejection and tragic dog despair in every motion.

"Oh, it isn't so bad as that, Mr. Dog," said the man. "I see you are really a gentleman. We all have our ups and downs."

The Airedale stopped and listened intently to what the man said. He was watching for the intonation, to see whether it was friendly or not.

He probably concluded in his own favor,

for he began walking slowly about the master, sniffing eagerly at his trousers.

Twice he made the circle, and then he looked up into the man's face with a bright relieved expression, and gave two short glad barks.

"You think I will do?" the man asked. Pierre barked twice, which was interpreted as "Why, you will do, perhaps not quite up to my real master, but still a rather good fellow who knows dogs."

Then it was that the man noticed the chain about the dog's neck and the War Cross.

"What have we here?" he inquired. "A decorated knight, or a soldier?"

He reached for the cross to examine it. Pierre backed away, wrinkling his upper lip and looking belligerent.

"I wouldn't steal your War Cross,

that's a good fellow," said the man. "Let me see it." The Airedale advanced a step. The author patted his head, then slowly laid his hand upon the cross. The dog watched his every movement.

It was not a trinket, but a real Croix de Guerre. Many a brave man had given his life to be buried with that cross upon his breast.

"Guess I had better take it off and keep it for you," the man said. "You might lose it," and so he started to unclasp the chain. Quickly the dog's jaws closed over the wrist and his eyes glazed. A deep growl admonished the man.

"Oh, if you feel that way about it I will not touch it," he said, and he never tried to take the cross from Pierre again while he remained at Sunnyside. When the author finally heard from Madame how the Aire-

dale had gained it and the Colonel's dying request, he did not wish to.

"Will you walk out and have some breakfast?" inquired the master, leading the way to the dining-room. Pierre followed meekly, showing by his dainty manners that he was used to the very best society.

He sat on a rug by the man's chair watching him eat, and from his expression he seemed hungry.

So the man passed him a juicy bit of steak, not porterhouse, but the best cut from the round.

He sniffed at it daintily, then looked up with a sorrowful expression, as though the meat were a great disappointment to him.

"Eat it, you little beggar," said the author rather sharply, for he was not in

the habit of having dogs turn up their noses at good steak.

Pierre reached down and licked the meat with his dainty tongue, and then partly closed his lips upon it, but at once dropped the morsel.

Then he retreated a step or two and sat down upon the rug, thumping the floor with the stump tail. His expression was one of apology.

“ I am very sorry,” he seemed to be saying, “ I would eat it to accommodate you if I could, but really it is quite out of the question.”

“ He must be sick,” said the mistress tenderly.

“ Sick nothing,” snorted the man, “ he is an aristocrat. He probably wants porterhouse. Well, he will have to wait a spell.”

“Come here, you poor dog, and try this,” said the mistress, at the same time spreading a bun generously with delicious new butter.

The Airedale went around with great alacrity, understanding the sympathetic tone if not the words.

“There, there, you poor hungry dog, eat that,” said the kind lady.

She placed the delicious bun before his majesty.

As a special mark of condescension Pierre licked the butter from the bun but would not touch the bun itself.

“Well, well, he is some epicurean; won’t touch my good buns.”

“Perhaps he would like a plate of humming-birds’ tongues, or a little ambrosia,” the man suggested, ironically.

Pierre looked at him reproachfully,

understanding that he was scornful of his dainty manners.

“If you had been brought up as I was, you would understand,” he seemed to be saying. “I really can’t help it. I am so sorry to hurt your feelings when you are so kind.”

The mistress next brought him a piece of cake. He ate off the frosting and wagged his stump for more.

“I guess not,” the man said; “you can’t let him lick all the frosting off the cake. He may be some gentleman, but we won’t stand for that. I am not fussy, but I don’t want to eat the cake after him.”

Pierre looked at the author with an expression of real sorrow. If they could only reach an understanding!

“See how sleek his coat is,” said the

mistress, all sympathy and concern for the starving guest.

“It’s probably raw eggs,” the man said. “They always help a dog’s coat, but only kings and millionaires can afford to feed them.”

At the word “egg,” the Airedale cocked his ears and looked up at the author sharply.

“Is it eggs?” inquired the man.

Pierre barked gladly.

“I do really believe he is asking for eggs,” said the sympathetic lady.

“You might try him on one,” suggested the man. “They are only eighty cents a dozen.”

The mistress hurried into the pantry closely followed by her new friend, that seemed perfectly to understand being the subject of their conversation.

She brought out the egg, and he watched her while she broke it, fairly quivering with eagerness; and when she put it down before him in a decorated saucer he licked it up frantically.

“Eggs it is,” cried the man. “We have opened our doors and our hearts to an aristocrat, and there is no knowing what the cost will be.”

Three raw eggs Pierre ate for breakfast before he was satisfied.

It did not take the people of Sunnyside long to discover that they had been adopted by an epicurean of no uncertain taste. One after another they tried upon him the dishes they had usually fed their dogs; but everything that was not costly and most extraordinary for a dog was refused. Not rudely nor bluntly, but with such grace, and with such consideration

for their feelings that it was enough to make a dog laugh.

Often Pierre would take up a bit of something they had offered him daintily between his lips and stand holding it looking imploringly at them, as much as to say, "You see I would eat it if I possibly could, but really it is quite out of the question." Then he would finally drop the food, and go and lick the mistress's hands with his soft tongue by way of apology.

The only things they ever discovered that he would eat after much experimenting were raw eggs, cream, porterhouse steak, macaroons, nabiscos, lady-fingers, and the frosting from cake.

So it will be seen Pierre was a most perplexing boarder, and a costly one as well.

The author would have fits of sternness with him, saying that he must eat what

other dogs did or starve, and he would come to it if he went hungry long enough. Then they would skip a meal, but it was not for long, for the author would soon catch the mistress feeding Pierre eggs on the sly, and when he told her it was against the rules, she would reply that she could not endure seeing a dear dog like that waste away.

For the first day or two the manners of the Airedale were a pattern for all dogs.

He was gentle and quiet and very dainty in the house.

To be sure he always wanted the best chair, and twice when he slipped away quietly and they looked for him he was discovered in the guest-chamber on the best bed—a fact that made the mistress highly indignant, but her husband explained to her the dog had divined this was

the guest-chamber, and he probably considered himself their guest, as indeed he was, and they never worked harder to please a guest.

Pierre was very particular about being disturbed when in the master's easy-chair. The first time he tried to push him out of it the dog growled at him—not that throaty disagreeable growl which usually precedes a snap, but a deep-chested friendly growl, which the man interpreted as a remonstrance.

The first time Pierre did it the man took another chair, begging his pardon for having been so discourteous, but the second time the man said to him, “ You are just a little bluffer, with your deep growl,” and gave him a sharp slap and invited him to get down at once, which he did with a very sorry injured air, his whole mien saying,

“ Well, look at that. Who ever heard of treating a gentleman so rudely? ”

It was the second day of his sojourn at Sunnyside that the man discovered his true nature. The days of tramp life, and the hardships that he had endured had subdued him, and the quiet, demure terrier that they knew thus far was not the real Pierre.

It had always been the habit of the master's old collie, that he had lost a year or two before, to go with him for the mail; so when he started out one afternoon he whistled for the Airedale.

That whistle and the invitation to accompany the man set off a thousand steel springs in the dog, and loosened an energy of which his friends had not even dreamed. He came after the author like the wind, leaping and barking.

“Here, here, go quietly,” he admonished. “We must be respectable citizens,” but he might have as well spoken to the wind. He gestured, threatened, scolded, and coaxed, but all to no avail. The imp of mischief had been set loose in Pierre, and the man was perfectly helpless.

The first thing he discovered on this walk was that Pierre was not used to children, and every time he saw one he started for it frantically, barking, and making a great fuss. He evidently considered it some new kind of playfellow made for his special amusement.

Although he intended the children no harm, yet he went with such seeming ferocity towards them, that with one accord they took to their heels, yelling with fright, and this pleased him prodigiously.

Time and again angry mothers asked

the author if that was his dog, and he would reply meekly he was not really his, but one that was staying at Sunnyside. The master tried to excuse Pierre in each instance, pointing to his War Cross and saying he was a hero, but he met with little success.

In the course of a short walk he chased three groups of children, tipped over a perambulator, treed two cats, one of which he nearly got, and had a scrap with the butcher's boy, who threw stones at him from a safe distance, making him perfectly frantic with fury. The author whistled and shouted until he was out of breath. Finally he disowned Pierre altogether, and hurried home trying to throw him off his scent. When he entered the front door, the Airedale appeared from somewhere and slunk in at his heels.

The man was completely worn out and somewhat angry.

“ I never’ll take that little imp to walk with me again,” he said hotly. The mistress at once took the dog’s part. He quickly saw how the land lay and went to her with an injured air.

“ You should have controlled him with kindness,” she said. “ See how gentle he is. You probably spoke harshly to him, and ruffled him.”

“ He may go with you next time,” her husband replied. “ I will let you try kind persuasion on him.”

So the next day he went to walk with his mistress. They came back in half an hour, and she was nearly in tears, and so tired out she had to lie down.

But you must not get a wrong impression of Pierre from these sorry experi-

ences, for there was not a mean thing about him. He was so full of dog spirits he did not know what to do with them.

The only way they could get along with him at all, was to punish him every day or two severely enough to keep his spirits down. He was one of those dogs that need affliction to keep them within bounds.

The children were such a source of delight to him that he would chase every child that went by the house. So the author finally had to tie him up, although it nearly broke his heart. The children avenged themselves when he was tied, by yelping at him, and this promptly made him furious.

The master forbade their barking at him, but they would do it on the sly, and he could not watch them all the time.

Pierre finally became so sensitive that if a boy pointed a finger at him, he would bristle up like a porcupine. One boy could even drive him into a fury by merely making up a face at him.

So the author finally tied him behind the house where he could not see them. Here he dug under a choice grape-vine, and tangled himself up a dozen times a day.

The man wore out more shoe-leather travelling into the back yard to untangle his rope than he did all the rest of the day, so he tied Pierre in the shed. But he was always into something.

One day he dug under the house and went on a voyage of discovery. He filled up the hole after him, and the master was obliged to take down a part of the wall to get him out.

He gnawed things, he tore up things, and he made his good friends more trouble than all the dogs they had ever possessed, and the number had been legion. But somehow they forgave him all.

Some days when he had been more full of mischief than usual, the mistress would go out at night to feed him raw eggs, and cover him up with a warm blanket, and he would be so affectionate and gentle that she would declare he had reformed, and we would see a better-behaved dog on the morrow. But on the morrow all his imps came back, with reinforcements.

Yet through all these tribulations with him, he was so affectionate, and so gentlemanly when he had a mind to be, that they had never loved a dog more.

The mistress and the master might have gone to premature graves, had not a

friend from Meadowdale called, and disclosed Pierre's identity.

She had seen the great actress in her private car, when she was playing in the city, and had there made the acquaintance of the Airedale.

"Why, what in the world!" she cried. "Where did you get Madame Bernier's dog?"

"He adopted us," the author replied, and explained briefly.

"He ran away when she was playing in Meadowdale," the lady continued. "Madame advertised for him and was nearly heart-broken, but they could not find him. Pierre, come here, you rascal," she concluded.

A more delighted dog than he was at the mention of his name could not be imagined. He fairly bounded into the lady's

lap, nearly upsetting her with his exuberance.

“He does seem to know his own name,” the author said. “I shall have to write to Madame and tell her all about it.” Although he had nearly been the death of them, a pang shot through the man’s heart at the thought of losing him.

The next day he wrote the letter, and slipped it into the letter-box, wondering what strange thing it would bring about.

After the author had mailed his letter to Madame, Pierre began to mend his ways rapidly. Probably the continual dinning of manners and morals into him was having effect, for he certainly became quite a well-behaved dog, that could on occasions even accompany the author to walk without disgracing him.

Also his affection for his new friends

seemed to increase with each passing day. The truth was, he was growing into their hearts and lives, and they were growing into his.

I presume most of my readers have read Kipling's little poem about giving one's heart to a dog to tear. That is what a true dog-lover usually does. Not that the dog tears his heart intentionally, but there are always so many things that may happen to make your heart ache after you have given it fully and unreservedly to a dog.

At the very best, he will grow old and blind, and there will come that wretched day, when after sleepless nights you resort to the chloroform bottle. Then there are accidents and a dozen and one things that may happen to your pet, even if he does not live to a good old age.

Finally the letter that they had dreaded so long came. Full of foreboding, the master tore open the envelope and read as follows:

“MY DEAR MONSIEUR, THE POET:

“I can never tell you with mere pen and paper what joy your letter gave me. To think that my dear Pierre is still alive and well, and as happy as he could ever be without his mistress.

“The poor little beggar! What must he not have suffered! I never played worse in my whole life, not even when I was young, than the week following the day that I lost him. That stupid Marie! I could have wrung her neck with relish, but she is a fine servant, and I could not spare her.

“What hardship my darling must have seen before he found his kind friends! Think of it, Monsieur, he always had his bath and his combing every morning as regularly as I did. But he was a rogue, Monsieur. That must have been why I loved him so. But, thanks to his kind friends, I shall soon see him again.”

Here the author stopped in the reading of the letter to blow his nose, and Pierre, whom he had let smell the letter, licked his hands frantically, as though he sympathized, and would stand by him.

“Last June, when I returned to France,” the letter continued, “I left Marie in America, to visit friends, and also to see if anything turned up concerning Pierre. She is to sail Saturday at three p. m. on the *Princess Louise* from New York. Can you meet her at the steamer, and bring dear Pierre with you? I will cable her, and she will be on the watch for you.

“I am glad he has not lost his War Cross. It was the gift of a brave Colonel who was dying on the battle-field. He said Pierre must always wear it and for me to have it buried with him.

“The enclosed check for a thousand francs is very small payment for all you have done for Pierre. You have, besides, my dear poet, my most abundant gratitude for all time.

“Thanking you again a thousand times,

both for myself and Pierre, I am your much-indebted friend,

“MADAME BERNIER.”

The man gasped and rubbed his eyes, and then turned to the letter again, and read it over carefully to see if he had made any mistake. But there it was in black and white, as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He had got to give up his little dog friend. There was no other honorable course left to him.

That night the mistress tearfully tucked Pierre for the last time under his blanket in the kennel, and they held their last good-night confab.

Pierre was conscious, from the manner of his friends, of some impending change. He did not know just what it was, but he knew that they were depressed and so he shared their distress.

It was a very demure Airedale that the master led on the leash the following morning to the depot. While they stood on the platform waiting for the train, he crowded between the man's legs, and could not seem to get close enough to his adopted master.

They took their place in the smoking-car, as the conductor told them parlor-cars were not for dogs. What if he had seen the car in which Pierre had ridden so many thousand miles. But they did not care as long as they were together. A smoking-car was good enough for the man, if he had good company, and he did that morning.

Pierre insisted on sitting next to the window so that he could look outside and watch the landscape as they rushed along. It must have reminded him of old days,—

the old days when he sat at the window of his mistress's car, and watched the great wide world slip by.

But the world could not hold him for long this morning, and he frequently turned to the master and nosed the morning paper from his hands, and invited him to cuddle him, and talk to him.

Then it was that the author told him the full contents of the letter. He looked very grave at its conclusion, taking his cue from the man.

Finally the long journey was over and they took a taxi at the Grand Central for the wharves. They had just time enough to catch the boat.

The author had no difficulty in finding Marie, and she recognized him by the dog on the leash.

The master followed her to the palatial

French liner, and left her after a few minutes on one of the upper decks, keeping a tight hold on the leash. Pierre looked very forlorn and anxious, but Marie assured the author that he would not get away again. She would see to that, as her own life would be the forfeit if he did.

The master had her cover the Airedale's head with a handkerchief while he slipped quickly away, without any special farewell. He had been saying good-bye all the way down to New York.

Five minutes later he stood on the wharf watching the tugs work the liner out of her slip. He could just distinguish Marie on the upper deck where he had left her with Pierre.

This was the last he ever saw of them.

CHAPTER X

PIERRE AGAIN SMELLS POWDER

IF Marie was glad to see Pierre again, Pierre was also glad to see Marie, although she had once been his enemy. His state of mind was much that of a small boy who has run away with the circus.

The glitter and the glamour of the world had called to him and he had answered. But his adventure in the wide, wide world had been full of sorrows. His friends, especially the great lady who adored him, and even Marie, were all preferable to the wide world.

He had had his fill of adventure and henceforth, or for a while at least, he would be content with the lot of a home dog.

This was the way Pierre thought in his dim, dog way, when he thought at all; but he was so wide-awake and so filled with the passing show that external things claimed most of his attention.

Marie, on the other hand, was highly pleased with the turn of events. She was not to go home without Madame's dear dog. She would be restored to the great lady's favor, and that meant a great deal to her.

It was an honor to be the maid of the greatest actress in the world, and Marie appreciated the fact. So both she and Pierre were very happy upon that return voyage to dear old France. But France was still war-torn and grief-stricken, and Madame was still playing daily, and often twice a day, to gain gold for the land she loved.

Pierre's conduct on the boat was so much better than anything that Marie had ever known before that she was quite in love with him herself before the ship made Havre.

It was a proud moment for Marie when she walked into Madame's dressing-room with Pierre, who looked just as jaunty and cock-sure of himself as he had the morning he ran away, although the world had done much to subdue his spirits.

Madame fell upon him as though he had been a long-lost child and caught him up just as though he had not been forty pounds of bone and muscle, while Pierre showered her face with kisses and jumped about and barked so loudly that the manager came in to see what was the matter. The great actress was so overjoyed and taken up with her long-lost darling that

the manager finally had to remind her that her cue would soon be called.

So it was into the same old touch-and-go world that Pierre had returned. If the soldiers could fight by day and by night upon the reeking soil of France, Madame could also fight for her country upon the stage. So it was a tired, hard-worked woman who again took Pierre to her heart and talked to him in the small hours of the morning after the theatre lights had gone out and the last curtain had fallen.

But just a week to a day after Pierre set foot in France the colors again called him and Madame could not refuse her country.

General Gerundo, an old friend, was calling on her at the theatre. There was an hour before the curtain went up, and

they were chatting together over some wine and cakes.

Madame had just finished telling the general of Pierre, of his War Cross and his latest escapade in America, when Pierre himself trotted in from the stage where he had been romping with the stage hands.

The general looked at the Airedale admiringly as he came and stood upon his hind legs and laid his head in Madame's lap, ready for his usual complement of caresses.

"Yes," said the great man after a silence, during which he watched the actress curiously. "He is a fine dog. The handsomest Airedale I ever saw. But it is a pity that so good a soldier is not again fighting. We have great need of such dogs in the Argonne on the ammunition-carts. Much of the country is too rough

for machines or horses. I think he could again do valiant service for France.”

At the words Madame uttered a half-suppressed cry, of which she was ashamed. But she was very tired and heartsick. The tragedy of the war was heavy upon her. The return of Pierre had given her a respite from this haunting specter of war. In his love and playfulness she had found surcease from her own heartache, and here the general was suggesting that she again give him up to his country.

She looked up at the gray-bearded little man with the blue uniform. The man who slept either in his automobile, or even on horseback, anywhere but in bed. The man who had given so much for France. She noted the tired look in his eyes and was ashamed of her own weakness.

“Forgive me, General,” she said.

“You see I have not had Pierre for months and he is such a comfort to me. Your proposal took me unawares. I was off my guard. I am tired to-night, General.”

“We are all tired,” said the general, “but better days are ahead if we endure, and we must. But what do you say about the dog?”

Madame looked straight into the bright, dancing eyes of Pierre and gently caressed his soft ears. Life danced and sparkled in his eyes. It radiated from his splendid body. He tingled and glowed with it. He was sentient, vital, and there was no fear in his splendid eyes.

Should she again let him go into the inferno of war? She knew he was not afraid. She doubted very much if he would quail, even if he knew that death

awaited him out on the battle-fields of France. Should she let him go? But it was for France. They all must make sacrifices. Finally she looked up at the general and her eyes were filled with tears. "You may have him," she said; "we all follow the flag."

When the head dog-musher saw Pierre he shook his head.

"He is much too light," he said. "We want heavier dogs, dogs that can pull heavy loads."

The dog-musher was a tall, muscular young Scotchman, who had come over to France from Alaska to help in training the dogs which the French government had purchased for drawing the ammunition-carts in the rough country. The Scotchman had brought with him a hundred of the finest dogs that he could find in

Alaska, most of them winners in the great Alaskan sweepstake races, so he knew good dogs when he saw them.

Even though he had condemned Pierre as too light, still he kept on looking at him. In some strange way the Airedale fascinated the man. His eyes were so bright, his ears so erect, his expression so intelligent. The Scotchman was even obliged to admit to himself that he had never seen so much dog in so small compass.

“But I hate to let him go,” he said at length, during which time he had been studying Pierre with his all-seeing gray eyes.

“We do need brains in several of our teams. I would like just such a dog if he was twenty pounds heavier.”

“Why not let him lead and pull as much as he can?” inquired the lieutenant.

“As you say, Captain, we do need brains in our lead-dogs. We also need dogs that are not afraid, and this terrier looks as though he would not be afraid of the devil himself.”

“That’s so,” said the captain. “We will keep him.”

So Pierre again entered the service of the French government and was at once put to work. That very day the lieutenant taught him “Gee” and “Haw” and to “mush.”

The lieutenant was used to clever dogs, but Pierre surprised him. “Why, this Airedale fairly takes the words out of your mouth. He will make a fine lead-dog,” he reported to the captain.

Pierre thought it great fun to trot up and down helping pull the queer cart. To his eager mind and willing muscles it was

just another fine play, something that men wanted him to do. The men were also to his liking, for they were the soldier-men. Men that a dog could worship. Men like Jean and the Colonel. Men whose will was law. Men whose will gripped you like a great force that must be obeyed. This was the sort of life Pierre liked, for he was masterly himself. He could even give up his pampered taste and take the fare as he found it, as the soldiers did.

He had not troubled his good friends, the author and his wife in America, because he was really bad. He was just so full of energy that he had to work it off in some way or blow up. There was no such danger in this new life, for they worked him from dawn to dark.

Finally, after three or four weeks Pierre was perfected and put at the head of a

team of six dogs. It was a very proud morning for him when he was harnessed and put at the lead position. He was to go ahead. He was to lead off. All the rest would follow him. Yes, that was fine. The soldier-men depended on him. He was to work for them.

Well, he would work until he dropped and then he would get up and go on again. But it was a great responsibility. He had to listen very carefully and notice whether the man with the long whip said "Gee" or "Haw." If he made a mistake, it would take the whole team in the wrong way. Then he must obey "Mush," and if his teammates did not pull he would growl at them.

True, he was the smallest dog in the team. Any one of the tall, lean huskies behind him could have eaten him up. But

Pierre did not know this, so he was safe in his ignorance.

The cart was dragged for miles and miles on the broad, hard road.

Finally they came to some woods. Beyond the woods the sky was cloudy and the clouds were filled with bright lightning, which continually played against the dark background. It brought back strange memories to Pierre. All the other dogs thought it just a hard thunderstorm, but Pierre remembered that fearful day when he had seen just such a storm gather beyond the great river. He had seen such lightning and heard just such thunder on that day when he had gone to look for the Colonel amid the terrors of the mighty storm. He could even smell the same acid fumes he had smelled that day. What a strange day it had been with the

men all sleeping on the ground in every thicket and by the roadside! Some of them had been having bad dreams, for they groaned and sighed, while the ground was covered with blood.

Yes, this thing that they were travelling towards with the heavy cart was just such another storm as that.

Occasionally as they advanced and the thunder grew heavier, Pierre would look back over his shoulder at the captain who was driving the team. Then the soldier would shout at him, "All right, little soldier, mush." Some of his teammates whimpered and wanted to go back but Pierre always kept his nose towards the mighty storm while the captain urged the fearful ones on with both whip and voice. But Pierre himself was not afraid. He was just bewildered.

He would mush, mush, and mush, if the captain said so until they were at the very heart of the storm and the mighty peals of thunder were rolling continually and the terrible bolts of lightning were ripping up the trees and the rocks all about them.

As they journeyed farther into the woods and farther towards the great storm, the going became more difficult. They floundered down into deep gulches where the pines and the poplars were green and cool. Sometimes there was a little brook at the bottom of the gulch and if there was time the captain would let the dogs stop to drink.

Then they would climb laboriously over a rough hill and here they were sometimes spied by the sharpshooters and they had to hurry, for the bullets would soon be spitting all about them. But this was the

general character of the country, deep gulch and then a hill. And as they journeyed towards the storm, they often came to trees that had their tops broken off and lying across the rough roadway, or perhaps a whole tree was in the way. Then the men would cut it away with their axes, or lift the cart over it after they had partly unloaded it. But the men made all possible haste. If they were delayed in this way, they fussed and fumed so that Pierre knew that some one wanted them to come quick. So as soon as they were free he would tug and strain at his harness and whine to the other dogs to come on, even before the man had given the word.

“Willing little chap,” remarked the lieutenant to the captain. “We certainly made no mistake when we took him on. He is worth any two huskies we have got.

He's going to distinguish himself before we get out of this hell, or my name ain't McDougal."

"Perhaps he will," said the captain. "I only hope he won't extinguish himself. He is almost too willing. I never saw a dog before so utterly devoid of fear."

On the last hilltop before they reached the great storm, the enemy got Juneau Pete, the husky next to Pierre. He was shot through the lungs and blew blood from his nostrils in bright jets. The captain saw that he was done for and shot him with his revolver.

The men lost no time in closing up the gap in the team and rushing the cart into the next gulch, for the bullets were spitting all about them. Even in the gulch they were almost as much beleaguered, for the enemy began throwing shrapnel and shells

into the depression. They had noted that it was a cart carrying ammunition to a much-harassed portion of the army, so determined to cut it off if possible.

Shrapnel fell like hailstones in among the trees. Leaves and twigs came down in showers, and often a large limb was lopped off. But the worst execution came when a great shell landed fairly in the gulch sending treetops and turf and dust and stones in every direction. It fell so near that the two men were knocked down by the concussion. But the captain was soon on his feet, quieting the dogs.

He seemed to know that Pierre was the dominant spirit of the team, so he told him not to get scared and they would soon be out of danger.

Pierre listened very carefully, for he wanted to do just what the man wanted

him to do, because he was the lead-dog. All the other dogs followed him.

Finally they untangled the cart and drew it out into more open country and then they came to their own men, who greeted them with three cheers. The ammunition they had brought would hold the important position another day, so they were very glad to see the two men and Pierre and his dog team.

They unloaded the cart at once. After supper when it was as dark as it would be that night they started back to headquarters for more ammunition. Going back they had only the darkness to contend with, but that was bad enough.

Sometimes they would lose the rough road in the deep gulches and flounder about for half an hour before they found it again. Or, perhaps a large tree would

be across the road; then they would lift the cart over it, and that also took time. Both men and dogs were glad when daylight came and they were well out of range of even the large guns.

But there was no rest for them, for they were no sooner out of range of the enemy than they came upon several truck-loads of ammunition which had been brought up during the night. So it was to be their task just to carry ammunition through the deep gulches and over the high hills where the bullets and the shrapnel whined and whistled with never an hour to stop and rest. The trucks could bring it to within range, but the dog teams must do the rest. The terrible, nerve-racking, heart-breaking work must be left to the dogs and the two men. But these were not all who were to carry ammunition through this inferno,

for several other dog teams soon came up, and presently they were going back and forth like faithful shuttles between the beleaguered army and its source of ammunition.

But the personnel of the teams was constantly changing. Hardly a trip was made but that some poor dog was left behind dead.

For if they were too badly wounded to stay in the team they were shot. This was the best way in such a dreadful place.

Nor were the dogs the only part of the outfit to suffer. The drivers were also often wounded or killed. If they were wounded, Pierre would see two men carrying them out through the dark tangle of the woods on a stretcher. Often Pierre was terribly thirsty and there was no water to be had. The little streams where

they had first slaked their thirst had become choked with mud and dirt. Rocks and trees were piled in their beds.

Often the poor dogs eagerly lapped water that was thick with mud, while their drivers patted out little places in the mud and let the water settle in it before they could drink. Even so, the water was often red with blood. As the days wore on, the heat became intense and this made the thirst doubly hard to bear. One of the huskies in Pierre's team went mad in the harness and snapped at the dogs nearest him. The captain sprang to the rescue of the rest of the team and shot the afflicted dog.

"I don't blame him, Captain," said the lieutenant. "I am almost ready to go mad myself."

The din of the battle was now continu-

ous. But the dogs had become used to it so they did not mind the noise. The stench of decaying bodies, of dead men and horses and dogs filled the air.

Sometimes they did not have time to bury the dead and often they could not find them in the tangle of trees and debris of rocks and sod, so it was altogether a hell on earth in which Pierre and his dog team labored.

But the going over the hills and through the deep gulches as time passed became more difficult, and they lost more dogs and men each day than they had the day before.

Finally, one terrible day when the heat had been even more unbearable than usual and they had been bombarded continually with shrapnel and shell so that they had barely reached the army, the enemy laid

down a continuous barrage between the army and its supply of ammunition.

“Looks to me as though we were prisoners,” said the captain to his lieutenant.

“Yes,” said the general, who happened to be standing near. “We shall all be prisoners unless we can get word back to headquarters, and they send up a relief column. We can’t hold out another day. We must be relieved at once.”

The captain looked at him sharply. He had not imagined that he had spoken so truly. But the general’s face was very grave. “Is it so bad as that?” the captain asked.

“Yes,” replied the general. “It is much worse than you can imagine. Why, in the woods yonder are men who are going delirious for want of water and food

and our ammunition will barely hold out to-morrow."

"Where are your carrier pigeons?"

"Most of them are dead. They were shot while flying back to headquarters. What we have left are too nearly dead of thirst to lift a wing. I tell you our plight is desperate. You know the trail back to headquarters better than any one else. You have been hauling ammunition over it for days. Can any human thing live long enough in that inferno to get a message back to headquarters?"

The captain looked back along the way that he and his dog team had traversed so many times in the past three weeks, but it looked like the very mouth of hell. The trees that had shielded and befriended them in the past were swaying and bending and breaking under the barrage. The

air was filled with flying débris. The hill-tops he knew would be even harder to cross than these infernos of the woods. The chance of getting through looked hopeless.

“ I am afraid it would be a sure-death journey, General,” he said at last. “ I wouldn’t expect to last to get across the first gulch, General.”

“ But some one must go,” cried the general excitedly. “ The army is at stake.”

The captain looked down at his dog team and sighed. There were but four in the team.

They had left three others dead in the last gulch. And it was now ten times as bad as it had been when they had come through half an hour before.

The three huskies lay as though dead, their heads between their paws, limp and

lifeless. The trip had taken the last particle of life and go out of them. But not so Pierre. All the dogs with whom he had drawn the first load of ammunition were dead, but Pierre was still in the lead position. Twice he had been grazed by bullets but they had done him no harm. He was still alert, eager, and full of vitality, and ready to do the bidding of his gods, the soldier-men.

As the captain looked down at him he grinned back and the man heard his stump of a tail thumping on the sod. Here was a little soldier who never would say die until the Boche got him for good.

At the sight of the dog, so alert, so eager, so splendid in his courage and endurance, a lump filled the captain's throat. He was just a dog, but he was great. He was every inch a soldier.

Then a bright thought flashed through the mind of the man. They could send Pierre. He had gone over the trail every day for the past three weeks. He knew he could make him understand. He was such an intelligent little chap. He would not be afraid. A man would be afraid and with reason, but not Pierre. The captain read that in his fearless, eager eyes, which looked up in his face so brightly. They were so full of life, of the joy of living. Should he recommend sending him? It was a sure-death journey. He had just told the general so himself, but some one must go and Pierre was willing. The captain read that in his face. That hairy, alert, intelligent face.

So the captain turned to the commanding officer. "Get your message ready, General, I have a messenger. He will

take it through if any one can. He is the one for a tight place.”

“Who is he?” asked the general in surprise. For it astonished him to have a messenger appear so suddenly from nowhere to take a message at such risk.

For answer the captain stooped down and patted Pierre’s head. But he could not speak, for a great lump was in his throat. Tears were coursing down his rough, sun-tanned, powder-stained face. Tears of which he was not ashamed.

He and Pierre were all there was left of the original outfit, and he had come to love the dog as his brother. The lieutenant had “gone west” the day before.

“Who is it?” inquired the general again, thinking the captain had not heard him.

“It’s this dog,” replied the captain be-

tween gulps. "He would go into the mouth of a cannon if I told him to, even though he knew he would be blown to pieces. Get your message ready, General."

The general took a note-book from his pocket and began writing while the captain unbuckled the harness and sat down upon the ground and put his arms about the dog's neck and talked to him in a low voice.

"You've got to go back, little soldier." He put his hand on the dog's collar and pointed back along the trail they had come.

"Mush, mush. You have got to mush."

Pierre looked up into the captain's face and whined eagerly and tugged at his collar.

"It's a terrible trip. You must go alone. I can't go with you. You must

mush.” Again the captain pointed along the woodland trail, the trail that the dog knew so well.

Once more Pierre whined in eagerness and tugged at his collar.

“All right,” said the captain. “I knew you would understand.”

Presently the message was ready and the captain placed it in an oilskin tube made for the purpose and concealed it under the dog’s collar. He smoothed it out carefully and then let out the collar one hole. He would need all the breath that nature could give him on this desperate journey and the captain did not want him choked by a tight collar.

Then the soldier very tenderly kissed the dog on the top of his head while Pierre showered the man’s face with dog kisses.

“I am hating to send you, little soldier,”

he said thickly, "but the general says, 'Go,' and we all mush when he says the word. I will be praying for you all the way. I guess He looks out for dogs as well as men when they are doing their duty."

Then he turned Pierre's head towards the woods and pointed along the devastated wagon trail and cried, "Mush!" Thus far he had spoken quietly to the dog, but this command cut the air like the crack of a rifle. At the familiar word Pierre started as though he had been struck by a whip, and tugged at his collar and whined.

Then the captain cried, "Mush!" again in that peremptory voice, which to the willing dog was like "Charge" to the willing soldier.

As the man's hand let go the dog's col-

lar, the Airedale galloped briskly across the open field towards the woods.

But almost immediately the sharpshooters in the tall trees to the east and the west saw him and divined that he was going back for help and the bullets began spitting all about him until the spurts of sand looked like rain falling upon the surface of a placid lake. Then they opened up with two rapid-fire guns and the captain groaned aloud. "The poor little chap, the poor little chap, they will get him before he even reaches the woods."

But worse things were still to come, for from away back in the woods somewhere a great shell mounted high in air, making a beautiful curve, and fell in the open field within fifty feet of Pierre.

The dog stopped and looked at it uncertain, and then back at the captain. He

was not afraid, but he was bewildered, and he looked back for further orders.

The captain pointed towards the woods, and cried at the top of his voice:

“Mush, Pierre, mush!” And without the slightest hesitation the dog turned his head towards the gulch and galloped forward.

But he had barely gone fifty feet when there was a puff of smoke from the shell and then a great cloud of dust and sod which lifted Pierre on its outer edge and sent him rolling over and over down the slope towards the gulch.

The captain shaded his eyes to discover if he was killed, but after a few seconds, to his great joy, he saw the dog get slowly up and shake himself, and with one look backwards towards his friends trot away into the thicket.

Then the iron-nerved soldier sat down on the grass and, clasping his hands over his knees, sat for a long time rocking back and forth and praying under his breath.

“ God, take care of the little feller,” he implored. “ He’s only a dog, but he’s got a heart of gold and he’s a soldier every inch of him. God, cover him with your feathers, just as it says in the Good Book. He is doin’ it for us all. He’s done what few men in this division would care to do. God, take care of him. Keep the great shells off him. Don’t let him be afraid. I know he won’t be, but he’s just a dog, God; and it’s hell out there in those woods.

“ God, show him the way. It’s dark and the noise is terrible. God, keep the bullets away from him. He trusts me and I sent him, and if he got killed I’d feel I killed him, so keep him all the way, God.”

But the captain was not the only man in the beleaguered division who was praying for Pierre that night. The general had told his orderlies of the messenger and how bravely he had crossed the open grounds to the woods, and the news had spread like wild fire. So hundreds of thirst-crazed men were saying over and over, "O God, keep the poor dog safe to-night. Help him to get through."

Four hours after the captain had seen Pierre disappear in the woods at the edge of the gulch his straining eyes beheld a bright streak on the southern horizon. It was a red rocket, and in another second it was followed by a blue one and then a green light flared in the heavens.

"God be praised!" cried the captain, jumping to his feet and running about wildly. "The signal, the signal! The

little soldier has made it. The division is safe!"

But the captain's were not the only eyes which had observed the signal lights, for hundreds of straining eyes in the division saw the lights and new hope sprang up in breasts where blank despair had reigned supreme a moment before.

And this was what had caused the bright lights on the southern horizon which had put new hope into the lives of the men.

The sentry at headquarters had been pacing up and down as usual before the general's tent when he noticed a dog coming towards him. He was acting rather strangely, for he bumped against tents and wagons and anything that happened to be in his way. Yet he continued to advance, seeming to go by scent. When he came close to him, he saw that it was Pierre,

Captain McClure's lead-dog that had done such fine work on the ammunition-cart.

The Airedale was a prime favorite with the men, and known to many of the soldiers, who recognized a good soldier when they saw one.

So the sentry whistled to the dog and called him by name.

At the familiar sound, the dog seemed to be transformed from a dejected, forlorn-looking canine to a joyous, confident dog, although he continued to grope his way towards the sentry.

"Why, good heavens, little chap. What is the matter?" inquired the soldier, as Pierre approached him and laid his face against the man's leg.

Then the man noted for the first time that the dog was going on three legs and, lifting up his nose, he discovered that his

eyes were closed and his face was black with powder smoke.

“Why, Pierre! What is it? Where have you been?”

The dog whimpered and crowded against the man's legs as though he would get closer to him. Then the sentry chanced to run his hand under the dog's collar and discovered the tube, and the dog's plight and his eagerness were made plain to him. In another minute he was running towards the general's tent, with Pierre in his arms.

Five minutes later the general was poring over the message from the beleaguered division and this was what he read:

“We are cut off. Will have to surrender in twenty-four hours. Can you rush help to us?”

Even in this great exigency, the general ordered Pierre turned over to the best sur-

geon in the camp for immediate attention. He had a broken fore-leg, and was temporarily blinded. But, due to his efforts for his friends, in another hour ten thousand men were in motion, going to rescue the lost division.

CHAPTER XI

AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE

IT was a very great relief to Pierre's friends, and they were legion after his great exploit, when the surgeon pronounced his blindness only temporary. His broken leg would take weeks to mend, but he would see as well as ever in a few days. So there was great rejoicing in the sector and through the ranks of the lost division, which was not to be lost after all, to know that their brave little dog hero would soon be as fit as ever.

The surgeon each day washed Pierre's eyelids, and sometimes even turned them wrong side out, that he might better cleanse them and so help on their healing.

For a week Pierre had to wear a muzzle and this he at first thought a disgrace. But the surgeon was a lover of dogs, and he finally explained to the terrier that the muzzle was to keep him from tearing off his splint on the broken leg.

Finally the surgeon so covered the splint with plaster of paris that it could not be pulled away and Pierre was relieved of the hateful muzzle.

As the days passed he and the surgeon became the best of friends. Each morning when the doctor made his round of the hospital Pierre would trot behind him and stop at each bedside while the doctor attended to the patient.

There was no soldier in the hospital who was not proud to shake the paw of their comrade. Few of them had done as much for France.

So it happened that Pierre's name was upon all lips in that sector of the army.

He also occupied much space in the French newspapers for several days. For an enterprising correspondent who was with the division heard the story and wrote it out in full. He also secured a photo of the Airedale, showing his bandaged paw and partly closed eyes, and his newspaper used the story as one of its important features the following morning. Other papers were quick to copy so good a story as this was.

So it happened that the great actress one morning over her coffee was amazed to see Pierre's quizzical face grinning at her from the front page of her morning paper. With tears in her eyes and a great lump in her throat she read the account of her dear dog's bravery.

When she had finished reading it to herself, she summoned all her servants and read the story to them.

Yet she was not content with the newspaper account of Pierre's rapid recovery, but telegraphed the surgeon in charge for all particulars. She was rather disappointed to receive a brief telegram which read, "You shall have all particulars tomorrow. In the meantime, patience."

Pierre was rather surprised on the following morning when he was not allowed to follow the surgeon over the hospital, but instead was taken into the office where there was much excitement. The actress's old friend General Gerundo was there, and several of his staff were with him.

He shook Pierre's well paw most cordially and the terrier wagged his appreciation. Then he was placed on the table in

the centre of the group and all gathered around and shook his paw just as though he had been the President of France. Finally the general stood before Pierre and read from a paper which he held in his hand.

Pierre knew the soldier was talking to him, or that the reading had something to do about him, but of course he did not know just what. So he tried to look very knowing and listened just as intently as he used to for "Gee" and "Haw." When the soldier had finished reading, all the men clapped their hands and Pierre felt that something was expected of him, so he barked loudly twice and wagged his tail a great deal. All of which seemed to please the men immensely.

When Pierre was finally lifted down from the table he was much relieved, for



THE GENERAL STOOD BEFORE PIERRE AND READ FROM A PAPER.
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this was really more embarrassing than a battle.

Then an orderly came in and the men took leave of Pierre with much ceremony and the orderly lifted him in his arms and carried him out to a waiting automobile.

“Our little soldier is going home to the great actress,” explained the general to his staff. “The actress is ill. She has been playing daily ever since the war began. She is another good soldier. She loves the dog just as though he were a child, and we are sending him home to cure her. She has already made sacrifices enough for France and so has Pierre. It will be a happy evening at the château on the Loire to-night or I don’t know Madame.

“I only hope Pierre won’t jump out of the car and break his other legs before they arrive. He is such a bundle of energy.”

Pierre had always been fond of automobiling, especially when he could sit upon the front seat and watch the passing show through the window. As soon as he was lifted into the machine he indicated his preference by taking the seat next the window and sitting perfectly erect just like a drum-major. Very little that was worth while escaped his sharp eyes. He was interested to see all the other dogs by the roadway, and especially those who were riding in machines. Occasionally he would look up at the orderly to see if he noticed the other dog, or the cat which really ought to be chased, only they were in such a hurry. They reached Paris about noon and after stopping for dinner were off again.

No one had told Pierre he was going home, or that he was soon to see his mis-

tress. Yet he knew it just as well as though they had told him. He knew the direction in which they were travelling and perhaps his loving dog heart was singing home, or more likely it was just his dog instinct, which often puts man's knowledge to shame.

In the meantime the great actress was resting in her wonderful boudoir with beauty and luxury all around her. Yet she was not happy. She had temporarily broken down and could no longer do her part for France. She made no allowances for herself. She did not say that she was nearly seventy, and should be resting by rights. For her heart and soul were made of stern stuff, and she felt the call of duty just as strongly as she ever had.

She was really lonely and wanted somebody to love. Something or somebody

that would cuddle up to her generous breast and take the ache out of her heart. She had not said so to any one, but she wanted Pierre. She could cuddle and talk to him, and he would not talk back. She could love with all the passion of her great heart and Pierre would love back and shower her face with kisses, and they could have such a good time if he were only there. He had done his part in this horrible old war. They ought to let him come home. She would telegraph the general that minute, that she must have Pierre back. She reached out her hand to press the button, but stopped in the movement, for an automobile horn had honked in the yard. Then Madame's heart almost stopped beating, for she heard Pierre's bark. It was so eager, so joyous, and so glad that there was no mistaking it.

The actress now pressed the button frantically and the bell buzzed away as though possessed. But all the servants knew what she wanted and did not wait for orders. Instead the orderly walked straight into Madame's beautiful boudoir without waiting to be announced, and Pierre, the hero of the lost division, was in his arms. Hastily he set the struggling dog down on the couch beside Madame, and then went softly out of the room. He understood.

For half an hour they were left entirely alone, while the servants tiptoed about waiting to be summoned to the great lady's presence, and finally the summons came.

When they entered rather fearfully they found the actress sitting erect on her couch. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks

were flushed, and her voice was vibrant with joy.

“ Marie, bring my best gown,” she cried joyously. “ I am well. Doctor Pierre has cured me. I am going to give a fête in his honor to-night. But first summon all my servants. I want you to hear this letter from General Gerundo. It is a great honor that has come to my humble château this day. It has brought great happiness to me.”

When the servants were all finally assembled, Madame cuddled Pierre up under her arm, next to her heart and read in a clear beautiful voice. The same wonderful voice that had thrilled millions on both continents:

“ Madame, the great actress, adored by all Frenchmen and loved by the world. I greet you to-day with joy and thanks-

giving. It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that your Pierre, our little soldier, was to-day cited by me for special bravery and praised in my most eloquent French, in his presence.

"Few men in the French army have rendered a greater service to their country than has Pierre to France. In behalf of the lost division, which due to his valor is not lost at all, I thank you from the depths of my heart. The rest of the army in my sector returns thanks to you as well. And I am sure that all Frenchmen will join with me in congratulating you on the possession of such a dog.

"His name is and ought to be forever emblazoned on the honor roll of France.

"Please may I also express the love of all France for her great actress. I greet you, Madame, with my lowest bow and I also extend to you my personal and most grateful love. May you and Pierre enjoy the rest you have so well earned. You have done your part, so rest in the joy of a glorious victory for France.

"Your obedient servant,

"GENERAL GERUNDO."

"Now," concluded Madame joyfully

giving Pierre a great hug, and a kiss on his face, "let's make our plans for the fête. I want it something which will always be remembered at the château."

THE END

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